

# *The* LAIDLAW READERS



BOOK THREE


Charles Loren Vincent

The Laidlaw Readers

Book 3.

Charles Loren Vinson  
Book tree.





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# *The* LAIDLAW READERS

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## BOOK THREE



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## THE MAGIC FLOWER

Read this story silently to find out why the little dwarf gave Arnold a rich reward.

### Arnold's Home

Switzerland is one of the most beautiful countries in the world. It has lofty mountains, fertile valleys, and wonderful lakes. Its beautiful streams flash and foam as they rush down the mountains to the sea.

It is said that long ago the mountains of Switzerland were full of fairies; that the hills swarmed with dwarfs, elves, and gnomes.

In those days, on the side of one of the mountains, lived little Arnold and his mother. The father died when Arnold was a baby, and left the poor mother with only a little plot of land and a few goats.

When Arnold grew older, he faithfully guarded the goats on the mountain

side through the day. When the sun set, he guided them home again.

He had no time to play, for in the evening the wood was to be cut, the goats milked, and the garden weeded.

When Arnold was about ten years old, his mother became very, very ill. An old woman who helped care for her said, "There is only one thing that will cure your mother, Arnold. It is a little brown herb that grows at the top of the mountain, but now the mountain is covered with ice and snow."

"I care not for ice and snow," said little Arnold. "If the herb is there, I will find it." Then he kissed his mother, strapped his snowshoes on, took a stout stick, and started up the mountain side.

### **The Mountain Journey**

Oh, how cold it was! The wind whistled through the bare tree tops, and the snow blew in his face. But on he tramped,



pushing and poking about with his stick to find the brown herb.

"I must find it," he said as it grew



colder and colder, "I must find it, for that alone will cure my dear mother."

Up and up he climbed. The snow grew harder and harder under his feet. His fingers ached and he grew numb with cold, but he would not turn back.

At last he paused to rest against a sheltering rock. There, from a cleft in the rock, grew a most wonderful flower. It was pure and white, and sparkled like a diamond in the sunlight. He could look deep down into its very heart, and its perfume was like the breath of a million roses.

As Arnold stooped to pick the flower, a voice within him seemed to say, "Wait, Arnold, wait until you find the brown herb for your mother."

So Arnold left the wonderful flower and trudged on, poking about in the snow. He approached the mountain top, and just as the sun was about to set, he found the brown herb. Arnold put it safely in his pocket and started toward the sheltering rock.

“Now I may pick the flower,” he said to himself. But when he reached the rock, it was gone. In its place stood a little brown dwarf, bowing and taking off his hat to Arnold.

“Oh, please tell me where I may find the wonderful flower!” cried Arnold. “It grew right here, where we are now standing.”

“Ah,” said the dwarf, “you have seen the magic flower! Only the pure in heart can look on it, and no one can pick this flower, but the memory of it is yours as long as your heart is clean.”

“But come with me,” continued the dwarf, “a boy who leaves the magic flower that he may serve his mother, shall be rewarded.”

Then the strangest thing happened. The side of the mountain opened like a door, the little dwarf stepped along in front to show the way, and Arnold found himself in a beautiful castle. The light



was so bright that it dazzled his eyes.  
From room to room they went, and in



every room were piles and piles of precious  
stones—emeralds, diamonds, rubies, and  
pearls.

“Help yourself, Arnold,” said the dwarf, as he brought out a strong bag for Arnold to fill. “Take home as many as you can carry.”



### Arnold's Return

So Arnold filled his bag with the precious stones, taking a number of the sparkling diamonds because they reminded

him of the magic flower. "I can look into the heart of the diamond as I looked into the heart of the pure, white flower," he said.

At last the bag was full, and Arnold suddenly found himself in the snow on the mountain side, with the bag on his shoulder. He felt in his pocket, found the brown herb was still there, and started for home as fast as the snowshoes could take him.

"Mother, Mother!" he cried, as he ran and threw his arms around her. "See! I have the brown herb. We are not poor any longer." He emptied the bag on the floor.

They made tea of the brown herb, and as soon as the mother tasted it, she was well again.

Then Arnold told her about the wonderful flower and what the dwarf said about it.

The strong bag of jewels always re-





mained full, and Arnold never lost the memory of the pure, white flower.

### **Answer Yes or No**

Number lines from 1 to 10 on a piece of paper. Write *Yes* or *No* for each of the questions below.

1. Did Arnold live in the United States?
2. Do the rivers of Switzerland flow slowly to the sea?
3. Were there any fairy people in the hills of Switzerland?

4. Was Arnold's home in one of the valleys?
5. Did he have any chores to keep him busy?
6. Did his mother ask him to bring the little brown herb?
7. Was Arnold afraid to take the mountain trip?
8. Did he want to pick the magic flower?
9. Did Arnold find the little brown herb?
10. Did the dwarf give Arnold some money?

### **Complete the Sentences**

Copy the following sentences and complete them by adding the missing word at the end of each sentence.

1. Arnold guarded the .....
2. He had no time to .....
3. Arnold did not pick the magic .....
4. Arnold put the herb in his .....
5. On the mountain side he met a .....
6. Arnold brought the herb to his .....

### **Write the Answers**

1. Where did Arnold and his mother live?
2. Why did Arnold climb the mountain?
3. Why did Arnold not pick the magic flower?
4. Why did the little dwarf reward Arnold?

## THE TIGER, THE BRAHMAN, AND THE JACKAL

Read this story through silently to find out how brains are sometimes better than great strength.

### The Tiger's Escape

Long, long ago, when strange things happened, a tiger was caught in a trap. He tried in vain to break the bars and rolled and frothed with rage because he failed.

Just by chance a poor Brahman came that way.

"Let me out of this cage, O pious man!" cried the tiger.

"Nay, nay, friend," replied the Brahman, "you would eat me if I did."

"No, no, I would not," swore the tiger. "Indeed, I should be so grateful that I would be your slave."

The tiger sighed and swore until the

pious Brahman's heart softened. At last he opened the cage door.

Out jumped the tiger and at once seized the poor man and cried, "What a fool you are! Don't you know that I am frightfully hungry and that I shall surely eat you?"

The Brahman pleaded so feelingly for his life that the tiger at last said they would leave the decision to the first four things they should meet.

So the Brahman first asked a fig tree to decide the matter. The tree replied coldly, "I give shade and shelter to all men who pass by, and what do they do but tear down my branches and trample them. Men are not kind. Let the tiger eat the Brahman!"

The tiger sprang at the Brahman, but the man cried out, "Wait! there are still three others whom I may ask!"

They went on until they came to a buffalo turning a well wheel in the field.



To him the sad Brahman put his case.  
But the buffalo decided against him.



Then they saw an eagle flying in the sky.  
The man cried out, "O eagle, I have

set this tiger free from his cage. Is it fair that he eat me?"

The eagle flew down and said, "Though I do not harm men, when they see me, they stone me. They steal my nests and my little ones. Men are not fair. The tiger may eat the Brahman for all I care."

Again the tiger leaped at the Brahman, but the man cried out, "Remember! there is still one left to ask."

Then the Brahman in great fear asked the road to decide.

"My good sir," said the road, "why ask me? I am useful to all men but none of them ever thanks me for it. Men are ungrateful. I'm sure I don't care if the tiger eats you."

### **The Little Jackal**

Then they turned back, and the Brahman sadly prepared to die. But on the way they met a jackal who called out, "Why, what's the matter, my good

man? You look as if you had lost your last friend."

The Brahman told him all that had happened.

"How very confusing!" said the jackal. "Would you mind telling it over again? I don't seem to understand how all this happened."

The Brahman told it all over again, but the jackal seemed as confused as ever. "It's very strange," said he, shaking his head, "but it all seems to go in one ear and out of the other. Let us go to the place where it happened and then perhaps I will understand."

"But I must begin my dinner," growled the tiger, savagely.

"Give me just five minutes," pleaded the wretched Brahman, "that I may explain this matter to the jackal."

The tiger at last consented, and they went to the cage. There the Brahman told the story again, not missing a single

point and making the tale as long as possible.

### **The Tiger Explains**

“Oh, my poor head! oh, my poor head!” cried the jackal. “Let me see! How did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by.”

“Nonsense,” cried the tiger, “how very foolish you are! I was in the cage.”

“Of course,” cried the jackal, pretending to tremble, “yes, I was in the cage—no, I wasn’t—dear! dear! where are my brains? Let me see—the tiger was in the Brahman, and the cage came walking by—no, that’s not it either! Don’t mind me but begin your dinner, for I shall never understand!”

“Yes, you shall!” replied the tiger, in a rage. “I’ll make you understand! I am the tiger!”

“Yes, kind sir!”

“And this is the Brahman!”

“Yes, kind sir!”



“And this is the cage!”

“Yes, kind sir!”

“And I was in the cage. Do you understand?”



“Yes—no—please, kind sir!”

“Please what?” cried the tiger angrily.

“Please, kind sir, how did you get in?”

“Why, in the usual way, of course!”

“But oh, dear me! My head is beginning to spin again! Please do not be angry, kind sir, but what is the usual way?”

At this the tiger lost all patience, and jumping into the cage cried, “This is the way! Now do you see how it was?”

“Certainly!” smiled the jackal as he quickly shut the door, “and if you will allow me to say so, I think you will remain where you are!”

### **Which Word is True?**

Number six lines on a piece of paper; then write the word that makes each sentence true.

1. The tiger was: unselfish, grateful, cruel.
2. The tiger was in the: forest, cage, circus.
3. The Brahman went to the: crow, turkey, eagle.
4. The fig tree said men are not: fair, honest, kind.
5. The jackal acted: carelessly, foolishly, wisely.
6. The jackal couldn't seem to: remember, explain, understand.

## Write Yes or No

Number lines from 1 to 10 on a piece of paper. Write *Yes* or *No* for each of the following statements.

1. The little jackal was shut in a cage.
2. The tiger promised to be grateful, if the Brahman would set him free.
3. The Brahman was caught by the tiger.
4. The fig tree agreed with the Brahman.
5. The eagle thought that men are unfair.
6. The Brahman did not feel unhappy.
7. The jackal was stronger than the tiger.
8. The jackal understood the Brahman's story.
9. The jackal pretended to be afraid of the tiger.
10. The Brahman shut the tiger in the cage.

## Write the Answers

1. Which was stronger, the jackal or the tiger?
2. Which had the better brain, the jackal or the tiger?
3. Why did the jackal succeed in getting the tiger in the cage?

## THE ROBIN'S NEST

Do you enjoy taking care of pets? This story will tell you how three children took care of a little lame robin.

1. In the top of a tall house, there lived three little children. A beautiful elm tree grew close to the window of the room in which they played.

2. They loved this big tree. In the spring they watched for the coming of its green leaves, and in the summer they looked for birds hidden from the sun in its cool branches.

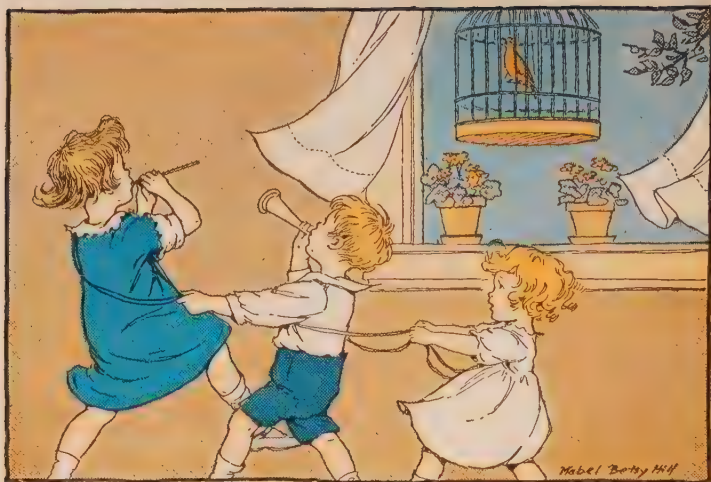
3. One spring something wonderful happened. Two robins built a nest in the old elm tree. The children were greatly excited. They hung out pieces of twine for the robins to use, and little Rosa, standing on tiptoe, peeped over the window sill and called softly, "There they are! There they are!"



4. From their window the children could look down into the nest and see pretty blue eggs and later, wide-open bills begging for food. The most exciting time was when four little robins stood on the edge of the nest and spread their wings. Three of the robins fluttered safely to the tree; but the fourth, catching its claw in the edge of the nest, went tumbling into the muddy street.

5. Mary ran swiftly downstairs and lifted the trembling little thing into her apron. Then she put the poor bird on some cotton in a box. When her father came, he found that its wing was hurt; so he fastened the box outside the window where the mother bird could find her little one.

6. For several weeks the mother bird came and fed it; but it soon grew tame, and, as it could never fly, the children's father made a cage for it. The children were very happy in nursing the little robin until it was strong and well.



7. Then there were four playmates in the top of the tall house, and the gayest of them all was the little bird that sat in the window and filled the room with its singing.

### **Complete the Sentences**

Copy these sentences and fill in the missing words.

1. Two ..... built a nest.
2. The children hung out pieces of .....
3. There were pretty blue .... in the nest.
4. The children's father made a ..... for the bird.
5. The names of the girls were ..... and .....

## MAKING THE BEST OF IT

Do you know how to keep smiling and cheerful when things go wrong? Find out from this story how the jolly white rooster made everyone happy.

### Discontent in the Henhouse

“What a dreary day this is!” said the old gray goose to the brown hen. They stood at the henhouse window and watched the falling snow which covered every nook and corner of the farmyard.

“Yes, indeed,” said the brown hen, “I would be almost willing to be made into chicken pie on such a day.”

She had scarcely stopped talking, when the Pekin duck said, fretfully, “I am dreadfully hungry.” A little flock of speckled chickens all huddled together wailed in sad chorus, “And we’re so thirsty!”

In fact, the feathered folk in the hen-

house were very cross and discontented. Since the farmer's boy fed them early in the morning, they had been given nothing to eat or drink. Hour after hour went by, and the cold winter wind howled around their house. It was no wonder they felt deserted.

### **The Jolly White Rooster**

The handsome white rooster, however, appeared quite as happy as usual. That is saying a great deal, for a jollier old fellow than he was never seen in a farm-yard. Sunshine, rain, or snow were all the same to him, and he crowed quite as loudly in stormy as in fair weather.

"Well," he said, laughing heartily, as his bright eyes glanced around the hen-house, "you all seem to be having a fit of the dumps."

Nobody answered the white rooster. Only a faint cluck or two came from some hens who immediately put their



heads under their wings, as if ashamed of having spoken at all.

This was too much for the white rooster. He stood first on one yellow foot and then on the other. He turned his head from side to side and said, "Well, we are a lively set! Anyone would think, to look in here, that we were surrounded by a band of hungry foxes."

Just then a daring little white bantam rooster hopped down from his perch and strutted over to the big rooster. He then created quite a stir among the feathered folk by saying, "We are all lively enough when our crops are full. When we're starving, the wonder is that we can hold our heads up at all. If I ever see that farmer's boy again, I'll—I'll peck his foot."

"You won't see him until he feeds us," said the white rooster, "and then I guess you will peck the corn."

"Oh, oh!" moaned the brown hen, "don't mention a peck of corn."

“Madam,” remarked the white rooster, bowing politely, “your trouble is my own—that is, I’m hungry, too. But we might be worse off; we might be on our way to market in a box. Then, too, suppose we haven’t enough to eat to-day, at least we have room enough to stretch our wings.”

“Why, that is a fact,” answered the brown hen, and all the feathered family stretched their wings, preened their feathers, and looked a trifle happier.

### **Song Brings Happiness**

“Now,” continued the rooster, “suppose we have a little music to cheer us up and help pass the hours until roosting time. We will all crow—there, I beg your pardon, ladies, I am sorry you can’t crow. We will sing a merry song. Will you be kind enough to start a lively tune, Mrs. Brown Hen?”

The brown hen shook herself proudly,

tossed her head back and began, "Cut-cut-cut-ca-dah-cut, cut-cut-cut-ca-dah-cut." In less than two minutes everyone in the henhouse had joined her.

Now the horses, cows, and sheep were not far away. Hearing the happy voices in the henhouse, they, too, joined in the grand chorus, while the pigs did their best to squeal louder than all the rest. Higher and higher, stronger and stronger, rose the chorus; louder and louder quacked the ducks, and shriller and shriller squeaked the pigs.

They were all so happy that they forgot their hunger until the door of the henhouse burst open. In came three chubby children, each carrying a dish full of steaming chicken food.

"Don't stop your music, Mr. Rooster," said the little girl, who was so snugly bound up that you could scarcely see her dear little face. "You see we were so lonesome that we didn't know what to

do; but when we heard all you folks singing out here in your house, we laughed and laughed until we nearly cried.



“Then we went to tell Jack about you. Poor Jack has a sore throat. ‘Why, those poor hens,’ he said, ‘they haven’t been fed since morning! You children must take them something to eat.’ ”

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” said the white rooster. “This comes of making the best of things. Cock-a-doodle-doo!” and nobody asked him to stop crowing.

## **Answer with One Word**

Answer each of the following questions with one word. Write your answers on a piece of paper.

1. How many children fed the feathered folk?
2. Who said "Cock-a-doodle-doo"?
3. What sort of a day was it?
4. What was the color of the rooster's feet?
5. What did the feathered folk do to cheer themselves up?

## **Select Five Words**

From the following group of words, select five words that describe the rooster. Write these words on a piece of paper.

handsome	white	steaming
brown	chubby	jolly
big	laughing	dreary
crowing	happy	lazy

## **Make a List**

Make a list of three things the white rooster did or said to make the feathered folk happy.



## THE BROWNIES

Would you like to have a brownie come and do all your work? Read this story silently and find out what happened to two boys who wanted a brownie.

### Grandmother's Stories

Wonderful stories grandmother told Johnnie and Tommy! Stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, of dwarfs and fairies. Once she told them about a brownie that was said to have lived in their family long ago. This brownie did all manner of wonderful and useful things.

"He was a little fellow no larger than Tommy," she said, "but very active and very shy. He slept by the kitchen fire, and no one ever saw him. Early in the morning, when all the family were in their beds, this brownie would get up, sweep the room, build the fire, and spread the table. Then he would milk the cow, churn the cream, bring the water, and

scrub and dust until there was not a speck of dust to be seen."

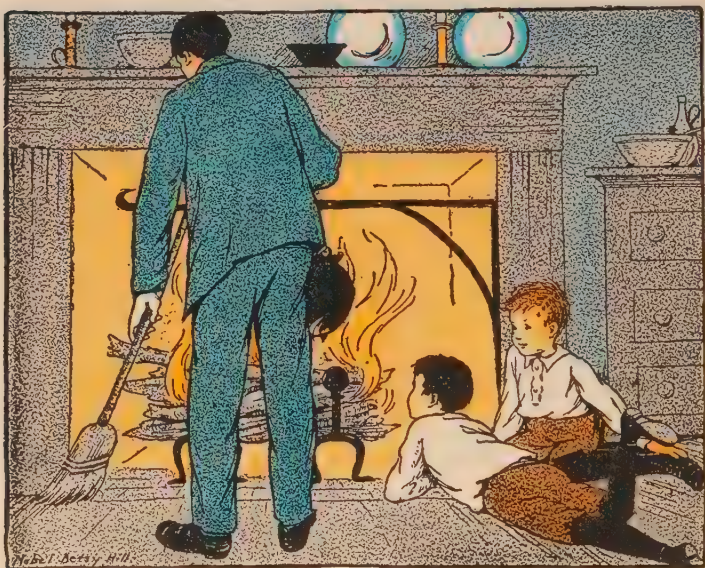
The children liked this story very much, and they wished a brownie would come to live in their house now!

Over and over again they said, "Was there really and truly a brownie, grandmother? Did he really help all the people as you say? How we wish he would come back again! He could tidy the room and bring in the wood! He could mind the baby and wait on you, grandmother! Can't we do something to get him back again?"

"I don't know, my dears," said the grandmother. "They used to say in my young days that if a bowl of bread and milk or a pan of clear water were left for him at night, he would be sure to come and would do all the work."

"Oh, let us try it!" said both boys. One ran to get a pan and the other to fetch fresh water from the well. They knew, poor hungry lads, that there was

no bread or milk in the house. Their father was a poor tailor, who could scarcely earn enough money to buy food for them all.



His wife had died when the baby was born. As he had all the work to do, he could not make as many coats as before. Johnnie and Tommy were big boys of five and seven years, but they were idle and lazy and too thoughtless to help their father.

## Tommy's Dream

One night Tommy had a wonderful dream. He thought he went down in the meadow by the old mill pond. There he saw an owl who shook her feathers, rolled her great eyes, and called, "Tuwhit, Tuwhoo! Tuwhoo, whoo-o-o-o! Tommy, what are you doing away down here this time of night?"

"Please, I came to find the brownies," said Tommy. "Can you tell me where they live?"

"Tuwhoo, tuwhoo!" screamed the old owl. "So it's the brownies you are after, is it? Tuwhoo, tuwhoo! Go look in the mill pond. Tuwhoo, tuwhoo! Go look in the water at midnight, by moonlight, and you'll see a lazy brownie. Tuwhoo, tuwhoo!" screamed the old owl, and flapping her wings, she went sailing away in the moonlight.

"The mill pond at midnight, by moonlight!" thought Tommy. "What could the

old owl mean?" It was midnight then, and moonlight, too; and there he was right down by the water. "Silly old thing," said Tommy, "brownies don't live in the water."

But for all that Tommy went to the bank and peeped in. The moon was shining as bright as day, and what do you suppose he saw? Why just a picture of himself in the water, and that was all. "I'm no brownie," said he to himself; but the longer he looked the harder he thought.

At last he said, "Am I a brownie? Perhaps I am one after all. Grandmother said they were about as large as I am, and the old owl said that I would see a very lazy one if I looked in the water. Am I lazy? That must be what she meant. I am the brownie myself."

The longer he thought about it, the surer he was that he must be a brownie. "If I am one," he said, "Johnnie must be another. Then there are two of us.





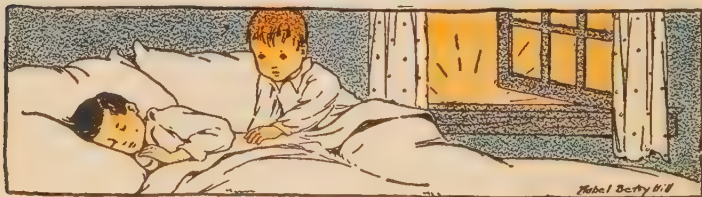
I'll go home and tell Johnnie all about it."

Off he ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Just as he was calling, "Johnnie, Johnnie! We are brownies! The old owl told me!" he found himself wide awake, sitting up in bed, and rubbing his eyes.

Johnnie lay fast asleep by his side. The first faint rays of morning light were just creeping in at the window. "Johnnie, Johnnie, wake up! I have something to tell you!" he said.

### Playing Brownies

After telling his brother all about his strange dream, Tommy said, "Let us play we really are brownies, John, even if we are not. It will be such fun for once to



surprise Father and Grandmother. We will keep out of sight and tell about it afterwards. Oh, do come! It will be such fun!"

So these two brownies put on their clothes in a great hurry and crept softly down to the kitchen. At first there seemed to be enough work for a dozen brownies to do. Tommy built up a blazing fire; and while the kettle was boiling, he swept the untidy floor. Johnnie dusted, placed his grandmother's chair, got the cradle ready for the baby, and spread the table.

Just as everything was in order, they heard their father's footstep on the stairs. "Run!" whispered Tommy, "or he will see us." So the boys scampered away to their bed in the loft and pretended to be fast asleep when their father called them to breakfast.

The poor tailor was beside himself with delight. He believed that the brownie he

had heard so much about in his childhood had really come back again. The



old grandmother was delighted, too, and said, "What did I tell you, son Thomas? I always knew there were real brownies."



Although being brownies was fun for the boys, it was hard work, too. They sometimes thought they would stop, but then they would think of their hard-working father and would grow ashamed.

Things were much better at home now than they used to be. The tailor never scolded, the grandmother was more cheerful, the baby was less fretful, and the house was always tidy.

The tailor had more time for his work, now that the brownies helped; so he could make more coats and more money. The boys did not go hungry to bed now. There was always bread and milk enough, and a great bowlful to spare for the brownie.

### **The Brownie's Reward**

At last the tailor said, "I am going to do something for that brownie. He has done so much for us all."

So he cut and stitched the neatest little coat you ever saw. He said, "I have



always heard that a brownie's clothes are ragged. Our brownie will need this, I know." When the coat was done, it just fitted Tommy and looked fine. It was stitched with gold thread and covered with brass buttons.

That night the little coat was placed by the brownie's bowl of milk. When the early morning came, the tailor was awakened by the sound of laughter in the kitchen. "It's the brownie," he thought, and getting out of bed, he crept softly down the stairs.

But when he reached the kitchen, instead of the brownie, he saw Tommy and Johnnie sweeping, dusting, making the fire, and setting the table. Tommy had put on the coat that the tailor had made for the brownie. He was skipping about in it, laughing and calling to Johnnie to see how fine he looked. Then he said, "I wish he had made it to fit you. John."

"Boys, what does all this mean?" cried

the tailor. "Tommy, why have you put on that coat?"

When the boys saw their father, they



ran to him and tried to tell him all about it. "There is no brownie, Father," they cried. "We have done the work. And dear father, we are sorry that we

were lazy and idle so long. We mean to be real brownies now and help you till we grow to be big men.” The poor tailor was so happy that he didn’t know what to say. There were tears in his eyes as he kissed his little sons.

Tommy and Johnnie kept their promise and continued being brownies until they went away to homes of their own. But their little sister grew to be the best brownie of all. She kept her father’s house so bright and clean with mop, brush, broom, and dustpan, that not a speck of dirt could be found.

### Write the Answers

1. What were Grandmother’s stories about?
2. Where did Tommy dream that he went?
3. Whom did Tommy see in the water?
4. What work did Tommy do?
5. Which part of the work did Johnny do?
6. Why did the boys keep up their hard work?
7. What changes did their work make in the home?
8. What did the tailor want to do for the brownie?

## Finding Words that Describe

1. Find in the story four words that describe Tommy and Johnny before Tommy had his dream. Write these four words on a sheet of paper.

2. Think of four words that describe Tommy and Johnny after they began playing brownies. Write these four words on the same sheet of paper.

3. Put a check after each word that you would like to have people use in describing you.

## Finding Opposites

For each of the words in the left-hand group below, there is a word in the right-hand group, on the same line, that means just the opposite. Find the four words that are opposites and write them on a piece of paper.

1. asleep . . . . . upstairs, awake, bright.
2. idle . . . . . silly, clean, busy.
3. poor . . . . . pretty, rich, old.
4. dwarf . . . . . brownie, ghost, giant.

## TRADING TIMOTHY TITUS

Read this story to yourself to find out what happened when a little girl traded her kitten.

### Timothy Titus Leaves

“Dear me,” said Mother, “I can’t think of having four cats in the house all winter.”

“I should say you couldn’t,” laughed Father. “You will have to give them away.”

But there was the old cat—Father himself couldn’t think of giving her away. She had been in the house ever since it was built, and there was not a better mouser anywhere.

Then there were Toots and Jingle—it did seem a pity to part with them. They were both black and white, and so nearly alike that you couldn’t tell them apart unless you looked at their noses. Toots’s nose was black, and Jingle’s nose was white.



And then there was Timothy Titus. He was black and white, too, but he appeared more white than black.

"He is an odd one," laughed Mother. "We might give him away first."

But Caroline trembled as she caught up Timothy Titus. "Oh," said she, cuddling him close to her neck, "he is so cunning and sweet, Mother, I can't bear to part with him."

By and by, when the kittens were taking their after-dinner nap by the fire, in came Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis lived on the other side of the river and peddled apples. He looked down at the furry little heap and laughed. "Seems to me you have more than your share of cats," said he. "We haven't any."

"Caroline may give you one of hers," said Mother.

Caroline looked down at her shoes. Mr. Davis could tell which way the wind blew.

“Suppose we make a trade,” he said to Caroline. “I’ll give you a peck of sweet apples for one of these,” and he picked up Timothy Titus.



Caroline looked up. A peck of sweet apples did not grow on every bush.

Besides, maybe four cats were too many.

"I—I will, if Mother will let me keep Toots and Jingle," she said.

Mother laughed, but she did not like to promise. "We will see about it," she said, "three cats are less than four, anyway."

So Mr. Davis measured out a peck of sweet apples and gave them to Caroline. She hugged, kissed, and cried over Timothy Titus and gave him to Mr. Davis. He put him in a basket and tied a bag over it.

"I guess he'll be all right," said Mr. Davis. "Good day," and away rumbled the apple cart.

### **When Timothy Returns**

But as soon as the apple cart was out of sight, Caroline began to mourn. She stood at the window with a very doleful face, looking across the river at Mr. Davis's big white house. The sky had

all at once grown cloudy, and the wind began to blow. And, as if to make a bad matter worse, Toots woke up and flew around the room in a fit.

"It's all because he knows that Timothy Titus is gone," sobbed Caroline, running to hide her head in her mother's lap. "How would I feel if Teddy were given away, where I'd never see him any more? And the apples are bitterish, too, and I don't like them. Oh, dear!"

But Mother said that perhaps Timothy Titus would come home again. "I've heard of such things," she said. And then she told Caroline a story about a cat who traveled forty miles back to her old home.

"But I don't believe Timothy Titus can," sighed Caroline, brightening up a little, "because he's over the river, and there isn't any bridge—only the ferry boat. I almost know he can't."

"Oh, stranger things than that have happened," said Mother hopefully.

But she was as surprised as Caroline was the next morning. When the kitchen door was opened—what do you think? In walked Timothy Titus, as large as life but a little bit dragged as to his fur and muddy around his paws!

“Hello!” said Father.

“Well, well!” said Mother. “Why Timothy Titus!”

Just at that minute Caroline came running out in her nightgown. She gave one look, and then she snatched Timothy Titus up in her arms.

“Oh, oh!” she screamed, too full of joy to do anything else for a minute. “Oh, you darling cat! How did he get here, Mother?”

“I’m sure I can’t tell,” said Mother.

Neither could anyone else unless it was the ferry man. When Father questioned him, he said he did think he remembered seeing a little black and white cat sitting under the seat the night before. But



he wasn't sure of it, so Caroline couldn't be.

"Well, Timothy Titus has come back," she said, "and he is going to stay, isn't he, Mother? We can give Mr. Davis back his apples."

But Mr. Davis said a trade was a trade, and he wasn't going to take back the apples. Timothy Titus stayed!

### Write Yes or No

Number lines on a piece of paper from 1 to 10. Write *Yes* or *No* for each statement below.

1. Mother thought four cats were too many.
2. Father wanted to keep the old cat.
3. You couldn't tell Toots and Jingle apart.
4. Timothy Titus was more black than white.
5. Caroline was willing to trade Timothy.
6. Caroline cried because the apples were sour.
7. Mr. Davis took Timothy away in a basket.
8. Mother thought that Timothy would come back.
9. Timothy swam back across the river.
10. Mr. Davis was sorry that Timothy ran away.

## THE STORY OF LI'L' HANNIBAL

Read this story silently to find out why Li'l' Hannibal was glad to go back home.

### Working All Day

Once on a time way down south there lived a little boy named Li'l' Hannibal. He lived with his gran'mammy and his gran'daddy in a little one-story log cabin that was set right down in a cotton field. Well, from morning until night, Li'l' Hannibal's gran'mammy kept him toting things. As soon as he woke up in the morning it was:

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, fetch a pine knot and light the kitchen fire."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, fetch the teakettle to the well and get some water for the tea."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, mix a li'l' hoecake for your gran'daddy's breakfast."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, take the bunch of

turkey's feathers and dust the ashes off the hearth."

And from morning until night, Li'l' Hannibal's gran'daddy kept him toting things, too.

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal," his gran'daddy would say, "fetch the corn and feed the turkeys."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, take your li'l' ax and chop some lightwood for gran'mammy's fire."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, run around to the store and buy a bag of flour."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, fetch your basket and pick a li'l' cotton off the edge of the field."

So they kept poor Li'l' Hannibal toting nearly all day long, and he had only two or three hours to play.

### **The Runaway**

Well, one morning when Li'l' Hannibal woke up, he made up his mind to do

something. Before they could ask him to light the kitchen fire, or fill the tea-kettle, or mix the hoecakes, or dust the hearth, or feed the turkeys, or chop any wood, or go to the store, or pick any cotton, he had made up his mind that he was not going to tote for his gran'-mammy and his gran'daddy any longer. He was going to run away!



So Li'l' Hannibal got out of bed very quietly. He put on his little trousers, his little shirt, his little suspenders, and his little shoes; he never wore stockings. He pulled his little straw hat down tight over his ears, and then Li'l' Hannibal ran away!

He went down the big road past all

the cabins. He went under the fence and across the cotton fields.

He went through the pine grove past the schoolhouse, stooping down low—so the school-teacher couldn't see him—and then he went way, way off into the country.

When he was a long way from town, Li'l' Hannibal met a possum loping along by the edge of the road, and the possum stopped and looked at Li'l' Hannibal.

"How do! Where you going, Li'l' Hannibal?" asked the possum.

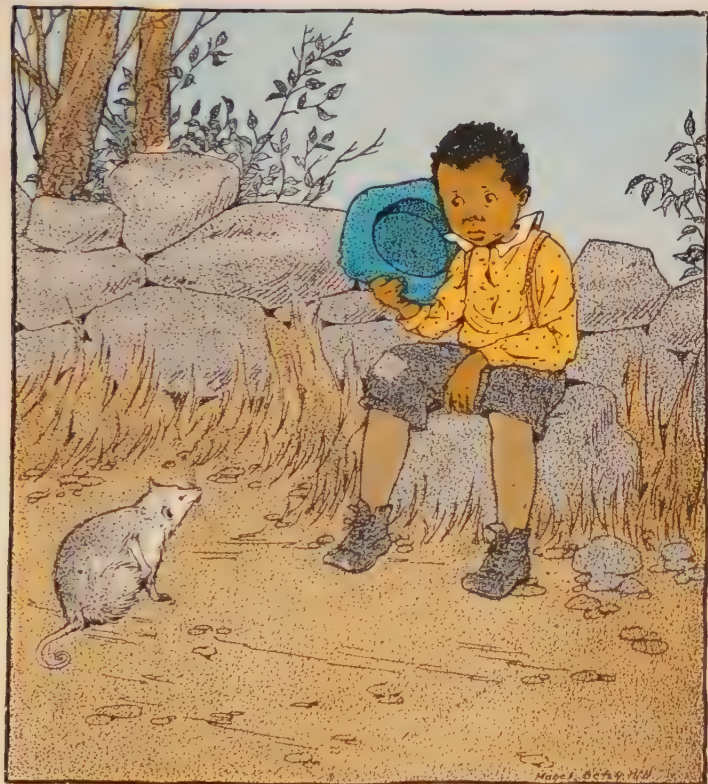
Li'l' Hannibal sat down by the side of the road and took off his straw hat to fan himself, for he felt quite warm, and said:

"I've run away, Br'er Possum, my gran'mammy and my gran'daddy kept me toting, toting for them all the time. I don't like to work, Br'er Possum."

"Poor Li'l' Hannibal!" said the possum, sitting up and scratching himself. "Any special place you bound for?"



“I don’t think so,” said Li’l’ Hannibal, for he was getting tired, and he had come away without any breakfast.



“You come along with me, Li’l’ Hannibal,” said the possum, “I can take you somewhere.”

## The Busy Workers

So the possum and Li'l' Hannibal went along together, the possum loping along by the side of the road. Li'l' Hannibal walked very slowly in the middle of the road, for his shoes were full of sand and it hurt his toes.

They went on and on until they came, all at once, to a sort of open space in the woods, and then they stopped. There was a big company there—Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Partridge, Br'er Jay Bird and Br'er Robin, and Old Miss Guinea Hen.

“Poor Li'l' Hannibal has come to see you,” said the possum. “Li'l' Hannibal has run away from his gran'mammy and his gran'daddy.”

Li'l' Hannibal hung his head as if he were ashamed, but nobody noticed him. They were all as busy as they could be; so he just sat down on a pine stump and watched them.

Each one had his own special work,

and he was keeping right at it. Br'er Robin was gathering all the holly berries from the south side of the holly tree and singing as he worked, "Cheer up, cheer-u-p!"

Br'er Partridge was building a new house down low in the bushes. As he hurried back and forth with twigs, he would stop and drum a little, he felt so happy to be busy.

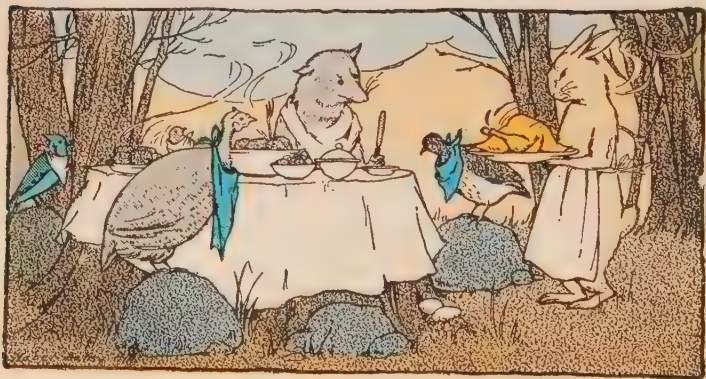
Br'er Jay Bird was taking corn down below. You know that is what Br'er Jay Bird does all the time. He takes one kernel of corn in his bill to the people down below and then comes back for another. It is a very long trip to take with one kernel of corn, but Br'er Jay Bird doesn't seem to mind how hard he works.

Old Miss Guinea Hen was almost the busiest of the whole company, for she was laying eggs. As soon as she laid one, she would get up on a low branch and

scream, "Catch it! Catch it! Catch it!" loud enough to deafen everybody.

### The Grand Supper

But Li'l' Hannibal was most interested to see what Br'er Rabbit was doing. Br'er Rabbit had on a little apron, and he kept bringing things in his market basket. He cooked the things over a fire back in



the bushes. When it got to be late in the afternoon, he spread a tablecloth on a big stump. Then he pounded on his stew-pan with his soup ladle. "Supper's ready," said Br'er Rabbit.

Then Br'er Robin and Br'er Partridge,

and Br'er Jay Bird and Br'er Possum and Old Miss Guinea Hen all scrambled to their places at the table. Li'l' Hannibal tried to find a place to sit, but there wasn't any.

"Poor Li'l' Hannibal," said Br'er Rabbit as he poured the soup. "Doesn't like work! Doesn't like to tote for his gran'mammy. Can't have supper."

"Catch him! Catch him!" said Old Miss Guinea Hen, but no one did it. They were all too busy eating.

They had a grand supper. There was bacon, and roast turkey, and fried chicken and mutton and rice, and hominy and sweet potatoes, and peas and beans, and baked apples, and cabbage, and hoe cake, and hot biscuits, and corn muffins, and butter cakes and waffles, and maple syrup.

When they were through eating, it was dark. They all went home and left Li'l' Hannibal all by himself.



## Home Again

Well, after a while it began to get darker. Br'er Mocking Bird came out, and he looked at Li'l' Hannibal. Then he began to scream, just like Old Miss Guinea Hen, "Catch him! Catch him! Catch him!"



Br'er Screech Owl looked down from a tree and he said very hoarsely:

"Who! Whoo! Who-oo!"

Then all the frogs began to say, "Li'l Hannibal! Li'l Hannibal!" just as though he were deaf.

So Li'l Hannibal got up from his pine stump and said, "I think I'd better go home to my gran'mammy."

Li'l Hannibal started for home slowly, because his feet hurt and he was hungry. When he came to the pine grove by the schoolhouse, the shadows came out from behind the trees and followed him. That was much worse than seeing the school-teacher.

But Li'l Hannibal got away from them all right. He crawled under the fence and ran across the cotton field, and there in the door of the cabin was his gran'daddy with a lantern. His gran'daddy had been out looking for Li'l Hannibal.

“Why Li'l' Hannibal, where've you been all day?” asked his gran'daddy.

“Oh, Li'l' Han,” said his gran'mammy, “here's your corn mush. I kept it warm on the hearth, but before you eat your supper, Li'l' Han, just take your li'l' basket and run around to the chicken house for a couple of eggs.”

So Li'l' Hannibal took his li'l' basket, and he started for those eggs, singing all the way. You see, he was mighty glad to be at home, and toting again.

### Find the Wrong Endings

Each of the following sentences has four endings. One of these endings is wrong. Find the wrong ending for each sentence and write it on a piece of paper.

1. Li'l' Hannibal was tired of toting for his gran'daddy and gran'mammy because he had to:

- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| a. light the fire,     | c. go to school,    |
| b. fill the teakettle, | d. mix the hoecake. |

2. When Li'l' Hannibal dressed, he put on:

- |                      |                   |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| a. his little shirt, | c. his stockings, |
| b. his little shoes, | d. his trousers.  |

3. When he was a long way from town, he:
- |                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| a. met a possum,     | c. fanned himself, |
| b. sat down to rest, | d. walked on fast. |

### Why?

Write the answers to the following questions.

1. Why were the animals all happy and Li'l Hannibal was not?
2. Why was Li'l Hannibal lonesome among the animals?
3. Why was Li'l Hannibal glad to go back home?

### Complete the Sentences

Copy the following sentences and complete them by filling in the missing words.

1. Li'l Hannibal lived in a one-story .....
2. He had to ..... the turkeys.
3. Li'l Hannibal got tired of ..... things.
4. While Li'l Hannibal was running away he met Br'er .....
5. Br'er Robin gathered all the ..... ..
6. Li'l Hannibal was ..... to get home.



## THE MOUSE, THE BIRD, AND THE BEE

Read this story to understand why the mouse, the bird, and the bee could not keep house together.

A mouse, a bird, and a bee one day met under a large elm tree. The mouse, feeling very friendly toward the others, suggested that they all keep house together.

“Yes,” said the bird, “we will build the nest in the branch of this tree just above our heads. There we shall be far away from our enemies, the cats. The wind will rock our babies to sleep.”

“But my babies squeak if they are rocked,” said Mrs. Mouse. “They do



not like it. Besides they would be sure to fall if they were up so high. They would break their little necks. Then, too, it is so light it would make their eyes weak. No, the best place for our nest is in the ground, inside a hollow tree. It is warm and dark there, and no one will find us."

"In the ground indeed!" said the bird. "So you think I would take my babies into the ground? They would smother there. Besides, they need all the light they can get."

"You had better not quarrel, but listen to me," said the bee. "The best place to build is in this beehive. It is not so high but that we can carry honey in without much trouble. If we lived in the elm branch, I should be too tired to carry the honey so high. If we lived in the ground, I should catch cold. So let us build in this nice hive."

"And have the cat eat our babies? No,

indeed!" said the mouse, and "No, indeed!" echoed the bird.

"Well, since we cannot agree, let each build his own home. The bird can build on the branch of the elm tree. I will build in this hive under the elm tree. So we shall see each other often, even though we do not live together."

"Squeak, squeak!" said the mouse as she ran to the hollow tree.

"Buzz, buzz!" said the bee as he began to gather honey.

"Tir-a-lee, tir-a-lee," sang the bird, high on the bough of the old elm tree.

### **Where?**

Write the answers to these questions.

1. Where did the bird want to build the nest?
2. Where did the mouse want to build the nest?
3. Where did the bee want to build the nest?

### **Complete the Sentences**

Copy the following sentences and complete them by filling in the missing words at the end.

1. The mouse objected to a nest in the tree because .....

2. The bird objected to a nest in the ground because .....

3. The mouse objected to a nest in the hive because .....

4. The bee objected to a nest in the tree because .....

### Choose the Right Word

Copy and complete the sentences below. Fill each blank with a word chosen from the following list.

high

dark

hollow

tree

warm

beehive

large

branch

light

1. The bird wanted a nest that was .....

2. The mouse wanted a ..... and ..... nest.

3. The bee thought the ..... was the best place for the nest.

## THE WISHING GATE

Study this story to find out (1) why *Blunder* is such a good name for this boy; and (2) how Blunder could have kept out of trouble.

### Blunder's Search

Blunder was going to the Wishing Gate, to wish for a pair of ponies and a little coach like Tom Thumb's.

Of course, you can have your wish if you find the gate. The hard thing is to find it. It is not a large gate with a sign over the top, like this: WISHING GATE. It is just an old stile in a meadow. There are many old stiles or gates in meadows; so how are you to know which is the right one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but she could not tell him. That was against fairy rules. She could only tell him to follow the road, and ask the way of the

first owl he met. Blunder was a careless little boy who could not find things for himself; so the fairy godmother warned him, "Be sure you don't miss him; be sure you don't pass him by."

All went well until Blunder reached the turn where the road forked. Should he go through the wood or turn to the right?

There was an owl nodding in a tall oak tree, the first owl Blunder had seen. Blunder was a little afraid to wake the owl. His fairy godmother had told him that the owl sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice, and that he knew everything but what went on in the daylight under his nose. Blunder could think of nothing better to say than this:

"Good Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

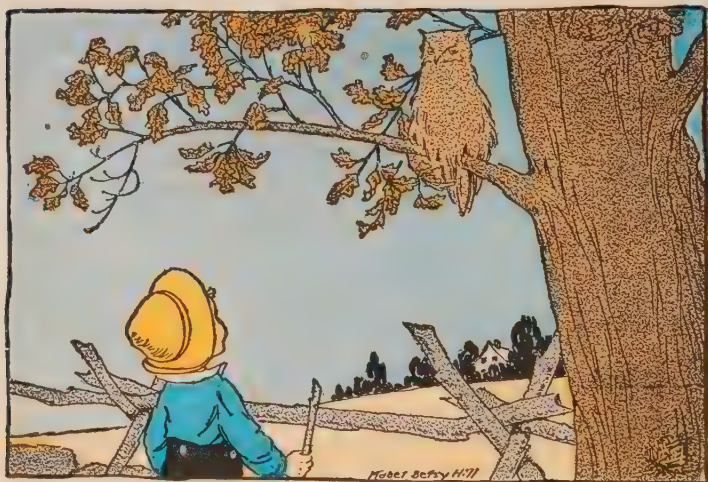
"What's that?" cried the owl, awakening from his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know



that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?"

"Wishing Gate! Wishing Gate!" hooted the owl, who was very angry. "How dare



you disturb me for such a thing as that! Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!" And the owl was asleep again in a moment.

### **The Chipmunk and the Frog**

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right or left, whichever way his legs went.

“What was the use of asking the owl,” thought Blunder, “if this was all he could say?” Just then a chipmunk came scurrying down the path. When she saw Blunder, she stopped short with a little squeak.

“Good chipmunk,” said Blunder, “can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?”

“I cannot,” answered the chipmunk, politely. “But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water sprite under a slanting stone. He can tell you all about it.”

So Blunder followed the brook, but saw nothing of the water sprite or the slanting stone. He was just saying to himself, “I am sure I don’t know where he is, I can’t find it,” when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

“Good Frog,” asked Blunder, “can you tell me the way to the Wishing Gate?”

“I cannot,” said the frog. “But in a

pine tree over there you will find a crow.  
He can show you the way, I am sure, for  
he is a great traveler."



"I don't know where the pine tree is,  
and I can never find it," answered Blunder.  
But he still followed the brook. He did  
not see the crow or the pine, and as he

was hot and tired, he sat down to rest. There he heard angry voices.

### **The Morning-Glory Elf**

Blunder looked and saw a bee. The bee was quarrelling with a morning-glory elf who was shutting up the morning-glory in his face.

“Elf, do you know the way to the Wishing Gate?” asked Blunder.

“No,” said the elf, “but if you will keep on this path, you will meet the Dream-man. He is coming down from fairyland, carrying his bag of dreams on his shoulder. If anybody can tell you about the Wishing Gate, he can.”

“But how can I find him?” asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

“I don’t know, I am sure,” answered the elf, “unless you look for him.”

So there was no help for it but to go on, and presently Blunder passed the Dream-man, asleep under a witch-hazel.







## Jack-o'-Lantern

But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes. At home, when he was told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or "I can't find it!" Then his mother or sister found it for him. So Blunder passed the Dream-man without seeing him and went on until he met Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing Gate?" asked Blunder.

"With pleasure," answered Jack, and taking his lantern, he started at once.

Blunder followed close behind; but in watching the lantern, he forgot to look at his feet and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"The Wishing Gate is not down there," called Jack, whisking off among the tree tops.

"But I can't come up there," cried Blunder.

“That is not my fault then,” answered Jack, merrily dancing out of sight.

Blunder was very angry when he crept out of the hole. “I don’t know where it is,” he said, crying, “I can’t find it, and I’ll go straight home.”

### **The Home of The Wood Goblin**

Just then Blunder stepped on an old, mossgrown, rotten stump. It was the chimney of a wood goblin’s house, and it broke under his weight. He fell through, headlong, among the pots and pans, in which the goblin’s cook was cooking the goblin’s supper.

The old goblin was asleep upstairs, but started up in fright at the clash and clatter. He stumped down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming and looked for a place to hide Blunder.

“Quick,” she cried. “If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie.

In the next room stands a pair of magic shoes. Jump into them and they will take you up the chimney."



Blunder burst open the door and ran wildly around about the room. There in one corner stood the shoes, but of course Blunder could not see them, because he

was not in the habit of using his eyes. "I can't find them! Oh, I can't find them!" sobbed the poor little boy, running back to the cook.



"Run into the closet," said the cook. "I don't know where it is," Blunder called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin, halfway down the stairs.

“Hurry! hurry!” exclaimed the cook. “He is coming. You will be eaten in spite of me. Jump into the meal chest.”

Clump! clump! That was the goblin at the foot of the stairs, and coming towards the kitchen door.

“There is a magic cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that,” cried the cook.

But Blunder could no more see the peg than he could see the shoes, the closet, or the meal chest. “I can’t find it,” he cried. But just then something happened which was lucky for Blunder. He caught his foot in the magic cloak, tumbled down, and the cloak fell over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

### South Wind

“What was all that noise about?” asked the goblin, coming into the kitchen.



“Only my pans, master,” answered the cook. The goblin could see nothing wrong; so he went grumbling upstairs again. Then the cook put the shoes on Blunder. They took him up the chimney and landed him in a meadow. He was safe now, but cross, disappointed, and hungry.

It was dark, and he did not know the way home. He saw an old stile and sat down on the top of it. He was too tired to stir. Just then, along came the South Wind, with his pockets full of showers. He was going Blunder’s way, so he took Blunder home.

Of course the boy was glad enough, only he would have liked it better if the Wind had not laughed all the way.

“What are you laughing at?” asked Blunder, at last.

“At two things I saw in my travels,” answered the Wind, “One was a hen that died of starvation sitting in front of a bushel of grain. The other was a little

boy who sat on the top of the Wishing Gate and came home because he could not find it."

### **Blunder's Return**

"What was that?" cried Blunder. But just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire. The rest of the family cried, "Where is the Wishing Gate?" But the fairy godmother said nothing.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I couldn't find it." Then he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

"Yes, his story is very fine," cried his godmother, "but now hear mine."

"There was once a little boy who wanted to go to the Wishing Gate, and his fairy godmother showed him the way as far as the turn and told

him to ask the way of the first owl he met.

“But this little boy never uses his eyes; so he passed the first owl and waked up the wrong owl. He passed the water sprite and found only a frog. Then he sat down under a pine tree and never saw the crow.

“He passed the Dream-man and ran after the Jack-o’-Lantern. He tumbled down the goblin’s chimney and couldn’t find the shoes, or the closet, or the chest, or the cloak.

“At last he sat on the top of the Wishing Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and he never knew it. Will he never learn to use his eyes?” And away went the fairy godmother in great disgust.



## Find the Right Endings

Each of the following sentences has four endings. One of these endings is right. Find the right ending for each sentence and write it on a piece of paper.

1. Blunder was going:

- |                 |                         |
|-----------------|-------------------------|
| a. to school,   | c. to the Wishing Gate, |
| b. to the farm, | d. to the country.      |

2. The old owl was:

- |                |                 |
|----------------|-----------------|
| a. on a fence, | c. on a house,  |
| b. in a tree,  | d. in the barn. |

3. The owl told Blunder:

- |                        |                       |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| a. to ask a fairy,     | c. to ask a chipmunk, |
| b. to follow his nose, | d. to ask a bee.      |

## Answer with One Word

Answer each of the following questions with one or two words. Write your answers on a piece of paper.

1. What did the owl want Blunder to give him?
2. Into whose kitchen did Blunder fall?
3. Who helped Blunder find his way home?
4. How many mistakes did Blunder make?
5. Did Blunder find the Wishing Gate?
6. Did Blunder tell his mother a true story?

## Write the Answers

1. Why is *Blunder* a good name for this boy?
2. How could Blunder have kept out of trouble?

## THE BROWN THRUSH

As you read this poem, find out (1) why the merry brown thrush is so happy; and (2) what he wants us to do.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up  
in the tree,  
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!  
And what does he say, little girl, little boy,  
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!  
Don't you hear? Don't you see?  
Hush! Look! In my tree,  
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing,  
"A nest do you see,  
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?  
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl,  
little boy,  
Or the world will lose some of its joy!  
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!  
And I always shall be,  
If you never bring sorrow to me."



So the merry brown thrush sings away  
in the tree,  
To you and to me, to you and to me;  
And he sings all the day, little girl, little  
boy,  
“Oh, the world’s running over with joy;  
But long it won’t be,  
Don’t you know? Don’t you see?  
Unless we’re as good as can be!”

LUCY LARCOM.

### **Words that Rhyme**

Make a list of all the words in the poem that rhyme with “tree.”

### **Draw a Picture**

Draw a picture of the thrush sitting in the tree.

### **Write the Answers**

1. What color is the thrush?
2. Where is the thrush?
3. How many eggs are in the nest?
4. To whom is the thrush singing?
5. Why is the thrush happy?
6. What does the thrush want us to do?

## THE LARK AND THE FARMER

A lark once had her nest in a wheat field. Every day she flew off to find food for her young ones.

One day when she was away, the farmer came into the field. "This wheat is ripe," he said. "I will get my neighbors to help me cut it."

When the lark came home, her young ones told her what they had heard. They were so badly frightened that they begged the mother bird to move out of the field at once.

"There is no hurry," she said. "If he waits for his neighbors, he will have to wait a long time."

The next day the farmer came again.

"My neighbors have not come," he said. "The wheat is so ripe it must be cut at once. I will send for my cousins. They will help me."

That night when the lark came home,  
the little ones said, "Oh, mother, the



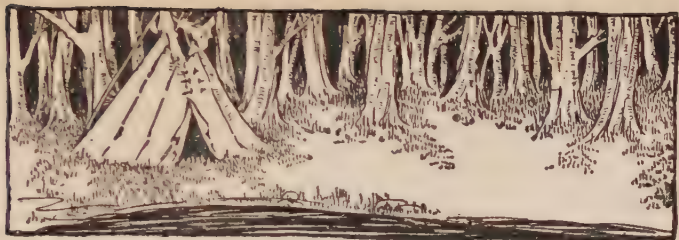
farmer has gone to get his cousins to  
help him. We shall surely be killed if  
we stay here another day."

“Oh, no,” said the mother. “His cousins have work of their own to do.”

The next day toward noon the farmer came into the field. “My cousins have not come,” he said, “and the grain is so ripe it is all falling down. I will cut it myself. I must go home and whet my scythe so that I can begin before sunrise in the morning.”

The old lark came home early that day, and the little larks told her what they had heard.

“Now, my children, we must fly away at once,” she said. “When a man makes up his mind to do a thing himself, it is sure to be done.”



## HIAWATHA

This story is taken from Indian legends which you will find in Longfellow's beautiful poem *The Song of Hiawatha*. These legends tell you how the American Indians lived many years ago, long before the white people came to America.

As you read the different parts of the story, find out (1) how Hiawatha made so many friends; and (2) why he was able to do so many useful things for his people.

### Hiawatha's Boyhood

In the far-off prairie land there lived a little Indian baby, named Hiawatha. His mother was dead and his father, Mudjekeewis, was the ruler of the kingdom of the West Wind.

There was no one to care for the baby; so his grandmother, old Nokomis, took



him to live with her. They lived in a wigwam near the shores of a beautiful lake, called Gitchee Gumee.

Nokomis loved little Hiawatha very dearly. She made him a linden cradle and covered it with soft moss and rushes. Then she tied it safely with reindeer sinews. At night she would put Hiawatha into the cradle and sing him to sleep with this Indian lullaby:

“Ewa-yea! my little owlet!

Who is this, that lights the wigwam?

With his great eyes lights the wigwam?

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!”

Hiawatha and his grandmother were very happy together. As soon as he could walk, he played along the shore of the lake and in the edge of the great forest.

At the door of the wigwam on summer evenings, Hiawatha listened to the pine trees whispering in the wind and the

lapping of the water on the shore. When he saw the firefly flitting through the dusk



of evening and lighting the bushes with the twinkle of his candle, he sang the song Nokomis taught him:

“Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,  
Little, flitting, white fire insect;  
Little, dancing, white fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle  
Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids.”

All the strange sights and sounds of nature filled Hiawatha with wonder. Then he would come to Nokomis and ask her questions. He saw the rainbow in the heaven arching the eastern sky and he whispered to Nokomis, “What is that?” And the good Nokomis answered:

“’Tis the heaven of flowers you see there,  
All the wild flowers of the forest,  
All the lilies of the prairie,  
When on earth they fade and perish,  
Blossom in the heaven above us.”

One dark night the hooting of the owls disturbed Hiawatha and he was afraid, but good Nokomis said:

“That is but the owl and owlet,  
Talking in their native language,  
Talking, scolding at each other!”

Nokomis told Hiawatha many Indian legends about the things he could not understand.

She showed him Ishkoodah, the comet, and the great Northern Lights that shone in the clear, starry heavens. She told him that the Milky Way was a bright pathway in the sky for ghosts and shadows.

One night when Hiawatha saw the flecks and shadows on the full moon as it rose above the rippling waters of the lake, he whispered, “What is that, Nokomis?”

Nokomis told him that an angry Indian warrior threw his grandmother up into the sky at midnight and that her body made the shadows against the moon.

Hiawatha learned many things about the wild creatures in the forest. He

called the birds by name and talked with them. They told him secrets about



their nests and sang to him of the sunny land where they lived during the cold winter. He called them his chickens.



The animals were not afraid of the little Indian. He knew their names and habits. Day after day he watched the beavers build their lodges. He followed the squirrels and they showed him where they stored their nuts and acorns. Even the timid rabbits became his friends, and he called them, "Hiawatha's brothers."

### Hiawatha's Hunting

One day an old friend came to visit Nokomis. It was Iagoo, the great traveller and wonderful story-teller. He grew very fond of little Hiawatha and told him about Indian tribes in other places.

Hiawatha wanted to become a brave hunter; so Iagoo made him a bow from a branch of the ash tree and fastened it with a cord of deer skin. Then he made a quiver of arrows from oak boughs and tipped them with flint.

Early one morning he gave the bow and arrows to Hiawatha and said, "Now,

my son, you must go out into the great forest and kill a famous roebuck with antlers."

Hiawatha was very happy as he walked alone into the forest. The animals called to him and the birds sang. He did not heed them, for his thoughts were with the red deer. His eyes were fastened on the tracks that led downward to the river.

He hid in a clump of alder bushes and waited until he saw two antlers lifted and two eyes looking through the thicket. His heart trembled like the leaves about him as the deer came down the pathway.

Hiawatha rose on one knee and aimed an arrow. The roebuck started and listened with one foot uplifted. He stamped with all his hoofs together and leaped to meet the arrow as it stung him.

Very proudly Hiawatha bore the deer homeward to old Nokomis and Iagoo.



Nokomis made a cloak for Hiawatha from the deer's skin and held a great banquet in his honor. All the Indians from the village came to the feast. They praised the little hunter and called him Strong-heart, Soan-ge-taha.

### **Make a List**

Make a list of at least five things that Hiawatha learned about the world of nature.

### **Write the Names**

Write the names of:

1. Hiawatha's father.
2. Hiawatha's grandmother.
3. The traveler and story-teller.
4. Hiawatha's nickname.
5. The lake near which Hiawatha lived.

### **Write the Answers**

1. Why did Hiawatha leave the prairie land?
2. Where did Hiawatha go to play?
3. What did Hiawatha ask the fireflies to do for him?
4. What were his chickens and his brothers?

## Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis

As the years passed by, Hiawatha grew to manhood and became strong, wise, and skillful. He was the bravest hunter in all the land. He still thought of his people and how he could make them happier.

He often wondered about his father, Mudjekeewis, and then he would question Nokomis. She told him of his father's great power in the country of the West Wind, out in the land of the Golden Sunset.

Hiawatha wanted to visit his father, but Nokomis was afraid that some harm might come to him. At last, however, he decided to take the journey. Dressed for travel and armed for hunting and with eagle feathers on his head and a belt of wampum around his waist, Hiawatha started for the land of the Golden Sunset.

After many days of travel, he reached



the summit of the Great Mountain and found Mudjekeewis seated upon the throne. The father was filled with pride when he saw his brave son. For many



days they talked of their strength and adventures.

Mudjekeewis decided to test the strength and courage of the youth who had come so far to see him. But in every test

Hiawatha proved his father's equal. Then Mudjekeewis said to him, "Oh my son, I know now that you are fit to be a leader of the tribes.

"Go back to your home and people,  
Live among them, toil among them,  
Cleanse the earth from all that harms  
it!

"When you have done all this, come back to me, and I shall then share my kingdom with you."

Then Hiawatha bade his father goodbye and started on his homeward journey.

In one of the great forests Hiawatha stopped to buy new arrows from the ancient Arrow-Maker, whose wigwam stood near the Falls of Minnehaha. With the Arrow-Maker lived his beautiful daughter, also named Minnehaha, or Laughing Water. Hiawatha saw the beautiful maiden and thought of her often during his homeward journey.

He longed to see her again, but he knew he must first help his people.



## Hiawatha the Leader

When Hiawatha returned from the land of the West Wind, he became the hero and leader of his tribe. He wanted to make their lives easier and happier.

He built a wigwam in a lonely spot near the lake. Here, he went alone to fast and pray to Gitche Manito, the

Great Spirit. He prayed that he might bring much good to his people. During the first days of his fasting, he noticed the creatures of the wood, the fish, and the wild fruits.

Then he cried aloud, "Master of Life! Must our lives depend on these wild things alone? What can we do to have food at all times?"

On the fourth day of his fasting, Hiawatha saw a young man approaching in the twilight. He was dressed in green and yellow garments. When he reached the doorway, he looked with pity on the wasted form of Hiawatha and said, "Oh my Hiawatha! Your prayers have been heard and I have come to help you. I am Mondamin, the friend of man. I bring the gift of corn to you."

When Hiawatha returned to his tribe with this gift of food, there was great rejoicing among the Indians. Hiawatha taught them how to plant the corn. In

autumn, when the ears were full and ripe, they had a great feast in celebration of the harvest.

To make fishing easier for his people, Hiawatha made a light canoe from the bark of the birch tree.

“And it floated on the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a lovely water lily.”

Hiawatha sailed up and down the river and in and out among the islands. He cleared the stream of roots and sand bars, making a clear and safe way to the sea.

Then he taught his people picture writing, so that they might write the stories of their tribes. He taught them how to make medicine from herbs and how to cure their diseases.

At evening, when Hiawatha's work was finished, he sat beside the lake and dreamed of Minnehaha, the dark-eyed maiden in the far-off land.



The more he thought of her, the more he wanted to see her again and make her his wife. Nokomis wanted Hiawatha to marry a maiden of his own tribe, but he would not listen to her wishes. So one day he departed for the land of the Ancient Arrow-Maker.

The Arrow-Maker and his daughter were glad to welcome Hiawatha to their home again. He told them of old Nokomis and his peaceful home in the pleasant land of the Big Sea Water.

Then he said to the Ancient Arrow-Maker, "There is peace now between your tribe and mine."

"That this peace may last forever,  
Give me as my wife, this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water."

The old man looked fondly at his daughter and said,

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes,  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha."



Then Laughing Water went to Hiawatha and took the seat beside him,  
“I will follow you, my husband,” she said.

Hand in hand Hiawatha and Minnehaha started homeward. When they reached the land of the Big Sea Water, Nokomis made a great wedding feast for them and invited all the tribe. For many years they lived in peace and plenty.

### **Write Yes or No**

Number lines from 1 to 8 on a piece of paper. Write *Yes* or *No* for each of the following statements.

1. Mudjekeewis was ruler of the country of the East Wind.

2. Hiawatha was his father's equal in skill and strength.

3. Minnehaha was the daughter of the Arrow-Maker.

4. Hiawatha built a wigwam far from the lake.

5. On the third day of his fasting, Hiawatha had a visit from Mondamin.

6. Hiawatha made a canoe from birch bark.

7. Nokomis did not want Hiawatha to marry Minnehaha.

8. Minnehaha did not want to marry Hiawatha.

### **Make a List**

Make a list of six kinds of food that you eat that the Indians did not have.

## Who is Described?

Each group of words below describes some person. Number lines from 1 to 5 on a piece of paper and write the names of the persons that are described.

1. the beautiful, dark-eyed maiden.
2. Master of Life.
3. a young man dressed in green and yellow.
4. strong, wise, and skillful.
5. wonderful story-teller.

## The Famine

A long, dreary winter came, when ice covered the lake, and snow lay deep in the forest. The people were unable to get fish or animals for food. All the corn that had been stored from the harvests had been eaten. There was nothing left. Everyone was cold and hungry. Many Indians died from famine and fever.

Finally, beautiful Minnehaha became very ill. Hiawatha, dressed in furs and armed for hunting, hurried into the

empty forest in search of food. He  
cried aloud to Gitche Manito, the Mighty,

“Give your children food, O Father!  
Give us food or we must perish,  
Give me food for Minnehaha!”



But in answer there came only the  
echo of his cry.

At home old Nokomis was waiting  
anxiously for Hiawatha to return with



food, for she knew that Minnehaha was very ill. At last Minnehaha beckoned to her and said,

“Hark! I hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to me from a distance.”

Far away in the forest, Hiawatha seemed to hear the voice of Minnehaha calling him back. Empty-handed and heavy-hearted, he hurried home. When night came, he reached the wigwam, but it was too late. As he fell at the feet of Laughing Water, he knew that never again would she run to meet him or follow him through the forest.

For seven long days Hiawatha sorrowed. Then he buried Minnehaha underneath the waving hemlocks. In his loneliness he cried,

“Farewell, O my Laughing Water,  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the land of the Hereafter.”

When the hard winter was over and the spring days returned, Hiawatha worked again among his people. Though



sad and lonely, he was so kind and thoughtful that his tribe called him, "Hiawatha the Beloved."

## Hiawatha's Departure

After many years, Iagoo, the great story-teller, returned from a long journey through a strange country. All the



Indians came to hear him tell of his adventures. He told them that he had seen a body of water much larger than the lake Gitche Gumee. Then he described a great white-winged canoe that came sailing over this big sea of water, and he told of the many white people in it.

The Indians thought he was boasting and would not believe it. But when Hiawatha came forward to explain, they listened to every word. "What Iagoo says is true," he said, "for I have seen a vision and know that the Great Spirit is sending the white men to you with a message. √Treat them kindly. They have come to be your friends.

"Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life has sent them  
From the land of light and morning."

Then Hiawatha told his people that



his work among them was finished and that he was going away for a long and distant journey.

He bade them farewell and turned toward the shore of the shining lake where his birch canoe was waiting in the golden glow of the setting sun. As he launched forth into the water, he whispered softly, "Westward! Westward! To the home of Laughing Water!"

"Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the land of the Hereafter."





## Who?

Answer each of the following questions with one word. Write your answers.

1. Who became very ill?
2. Who went to the forest in search of food?
3. Who waited anxiously at home?
4. Who returned from a long journey?
5. Who sent the white men to the Indians?
6. Who was called "the Beloved"?

## Complete the Sentences

Copy the following sentences and complete them by filling in the missing words.

1. .... covered the lake.
2. Hiawatha was armed for .....
3. Minnehaha was called ..... ..
4. Iagoo, the great ..... .., returned from a long .....
5. Hiawatha sorrowed for ..... days.
6. In the spring, Hiawatha ..... again among his people.

## Give the Reasons

Write the answers to the following questions.

1. Why did Hiawatha make so many friends?
2. Why was he able to do so many useful things for his people?

## WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,  
Sailed on the river of crystal light,  
Into the sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do  
you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we,”  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night  
long

Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish

That lived in the beautiful sea;  
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,  
Never afraid are we.”

So cried the stars to the fishermen  
three,

Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

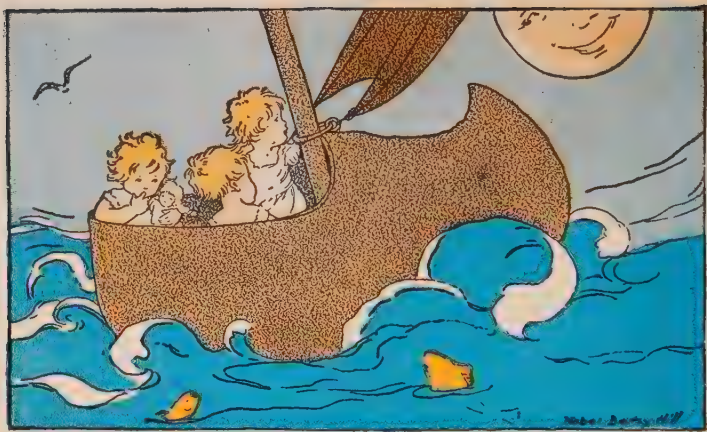
All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam;  
Then down from the skies came the  
wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home.

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought 'twas a dream  
they'd dreamed,

Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.



Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head:  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.  
So shut your eyes while mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fisher-  
men three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD

## THE TRUTHFUL MIRROR

Read this story to learn how the foolish queen spoiled her own life, and how the little peasant girl escaped some great dangers.

### An Envious Queen

Once upon a time there lived a king who had a very beautiful wife. This queen was proud of her beauty and envious of all her fair maidens. Over and over she said to each of them, "Who is the fairest of us all?" And the maidens, fearing to offend her, answered, "Thou art fairest of us all."

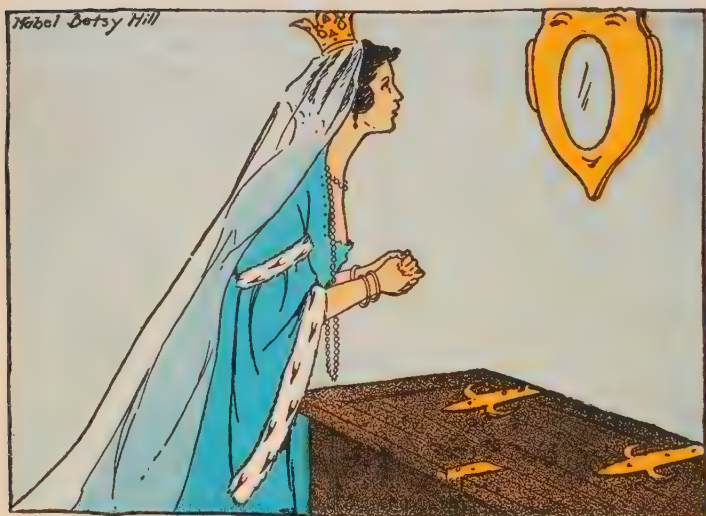
On his return from a distant journey, the king brought the queen a wonderful mirror to hang on her wall. This proved to be a magic mirror, and when anyone stood before it and asked a question, it always answered truthfully.

The queen loved this mirror more than



any of her jewels because it reflected her beauty. One day, as she stood before it, she asked the question that was often on her lips,

“Little mirror on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?”



To her great surprise the mirror spoke these words,

“Lady Queen is tall and grand,  
But one is fairer in this land.”

The queen was startled and turned green with envy. She searched through the palace for a maiden fairer than she. She brought each before the mirror and asked.

“Little mirror on the wall,  
Is this maid fairest of us all?”

And each time the mirror replied,

“Lady Queen so grand and tall,  
She’s not fairest of them all.”

### **Snow-white’s Escape**

Then she called a hunter and asked him to go among the peasants to find all the beautiful maidens. At last he came to her with the report that one old peasant had a daughter as fair as the snow. She was so fair that the peasants called her Snow-white.

The queen was wild with rage. She stood before the mirror and cried,

“Little Mirror on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?”

And of course the mirror answered,

“Lady Queen so tall and grand,  
Snow-white’s fairest in the land.”

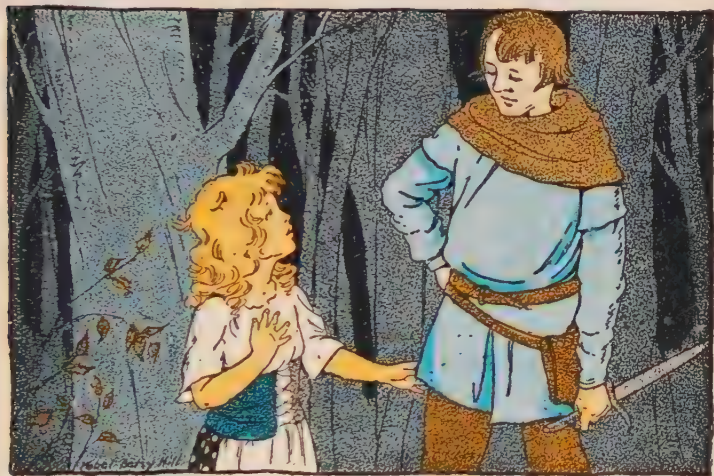
From that hour she was filled with hatred for the peasant child. She called the hunter and offered him a reward if he would kill Snow-white.

The hunter was delighted with the chance to obtain such a large reward, and he watched an opportunity to kill Snow-white with his hunting knife. At last he found her picking flowers in the forest. He told her that the queen would not allow her to live.

He drew his knife and was about to kill her, when she began to cry and beg pitifully, “Oh, dear hunter, spare my life, and I will run far into the wild forest and never come home again.”

The hunter was really glad to spare

Snow-white's life; but in order to deceive the queen, he pricked her finger with a briar, let her blood drop on her handkerchief, and carried it to the queen.



The queen's face was wreathed in selfish smiles when the hunter showed her the handkerchief with little Snow-white's blood upon it. "Now, I am fairest of them all," she said.

### **The Little House in the Forest**

Little Snow-white was now all alone in the great forest. The tall trees fright-

ened her and she did not know what to do. She began to run over the sharp stones, over the thorns, and past wild beasts. They came close to her but did her no harm.

She ran as long as her feet could carry her. When evening came, she saw a little house and went in to rest.

Everything in the house was very small. I cannot tell you how pretty and clean it was.

There was a little table covered with a white tablecloth. On it were seven little plates, seven knives, seven forks, seven spoons, and seven little cups. Round the walls stood seven little beds, close together, with sheets and pillows as white as snow.

Snow-white was so hungry that she ate a little from each plate and drank a few drops from each cup. She did not like to empty one entirely.

Being very tired, she lay down, but she





could not make herself comfortable. One bed was too long and another was too short. Fortunately, the seventh was just right, so there she stayed and fell asleep.

### The Seven Dwarfs

When darkness had fallen, the masters of the house, the seven dwarfs, came home. They lighted their seven candles and immediately saw that some one had been there.

The first said, "Who has been sitting on my stool?"

The second spoke up, "Who has eaten off my plate?"

The third remarked, "Who has been drinking from my little cup?"

And so it went on. Each dwarf found something wrong. At last they came to the beds. Finding them out of order, they looked at each and discovered little Snow-white fast asleep on the seventh bed.

"Oh, what a lovely child!" they cried. The dwarfs were so pleased that they let her sleep all night in the little bed. The seventh dwarf slept with each of his own companions in turn, an hour at a time, and so spent the night.

When Snow-white awakened and saw the seven dwarfs, she was frightened, but they were very kind to her; so her fears soon vanished.

"How did you find your way here, and what is your name?" asked the dwarfs.

"My name is Snow-white," replied the maiden. "The wicked queen sent the

hunter to kill me. He spared my life, and I ran the whole day long until I found your little house."

The dwarfs answered, "If you will keep our house in order, make the beds, wash,



sew, knit, and cook for us, you may live here, and we shall protect you."

"I will gladly do all this," replied Snow-white.

So she lived with them and kept their

house in order. Every morning they went out among the mountains to seek iron and gold. When they came home in the evening, Snow-white had supper ready for them.

As Snow-white was left alone all day long, the good dwarfs warned her to beware of the cruel queen.

“She will try to find you,” they said, “so let nobody into the house.”

### **Write the Answers**

1. Who was Snow-white?
2. Why did the queen love the mirror?
3. Why did the queen want to have Snow-white killed?
4. What was the agreement made between Snow-white and the dwarfs?

### **Make Two Lists**

1. Make a list of eight words that describe the queen.
2. Make a list of eight words that describe Snow-white.

### **Finding Opposites**

For each of the words in the left-hand group below, there is a word in the right-hand group,

on the same line, that means just the opposite. Find the four words that are opposites and write them on a piece of paper.

1. question . . . . . paper, lesson, answer.
2. reward . . . . . punish, review, discover.
3. vanish . . . . . appear, annoy, allow.
4. nobody . . . . . this, everybody, here.

## The Lace Peddler

Having seen Snow-white's blood on the handkerchief, the queen had no doubt that she was now the fairest woman in the world. She walked up to the mirror and said,

“Little mirror on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?”

The mirror replied,

“Lady Queen, so grand and tall,  
Here you're fairest of them all;  
But o'er the hills with seven dwarfs old,  
Lives a fairer one, a hundred fold.”

The queen trembled, for she knew that the mirror never told her a falsehood.



She felt that the hunter had deceived her, and that Snow-white was still alive. She thought of this late and early, for envy gave her no rest.

At last she painted her face and dressed herself like an old peddler so that no one could know her. In this disguise, she went over the seven hills to the home of the seven dwarfs. She knocked at the door and cried, "Bodice laces for sale! cheap! very cheap!"

Snow-white was a friendly little maiden. She looked out of the window and called, "Good morning, good woman. What have you to sell?"

"Bodice laces for sale," answered the queen, "bodice laces of all colors," and she drew out some colored silk ones.

"Surely this is an honest peddler," thought Snow-white. "It can do no harm to let her in." So she unfastened the door and bought two of the pretty laces.

“Maiden,” said the old woman, “let me lace these for you.” Snow-white



feared no harm; so she allowed her bodice to be fastened with the new laces.

Now the old woman was so quick and

laced the bodice so tight that Snow-white's breath was stopped and she fell down as if dead. "Now I am fairest at last," said the queen to herself as she hurried away.

The seven dwarfs came home soon after this and were frightened to find their poor Snow-white lifeless on the floor. They lifted her up and seeing how tightly the bodice was fastened, cut the laces. Then Snow-white began to breathe faintly and slowly returned to life.

When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said, "The old peddler was the wicked queen. Open the door to no one when we are away."

### **The Comb Peddler**

The cruel queen walked up to her mirror when she reached home and said,

"Truthful mirror on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?"

The mirror answered as before,

“Lady Queen, so grand and tall,  
Here you’re fairest of them all;  
But o’er the hills, with seven dwarfs old,  
Lives a fairer one, a hundred fold.”

When she heard this, she was so alarmed that all the blood rushed to her heart. She saw plainly that Snow-white was still alive.

“This time,” said she, “I will think of some means that will destroy her.” With the help of witchcraft, in which she was skillful, she made a poisoned comb.

Then she changed her dress and took the shape of another old woman.

Again she crossed the seven hills to the home of the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door and cried, “Beautiful combs, beautiful combs, very cheap!”

Snow-white looked out and said, “Go away! I dare let no one in.”

“You may surely be allowed to look!”

answered the old woman, and she drew out the poisoned comb and held it up. The girl was so pleased with it that she let herself be tempted and opened the door.

“Now let me dress your hair for you,” said the woman. Poor Snow-white let the old woman begin, but the comb had scarcely touched her hair before the poison worked, and she fell down senseless.

“Now I’m the fairest!” said the wicked woman. “All is over with you now,” and she went away.

Luckily it was near evening, and the seven dwarfs soon came home. When they found Snow-white lifeless on the ground, they at once suspected the queen. They searched and found the poisoned comb. As soon as they had drawn it out, Snow-white came to herself, and told them what had happened. Again they warned her to be careful, and open the door to no one.



## The Gift of the Apple

Again the queen placed herself before  
the mirror at home and said,

“Little mirror on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?”

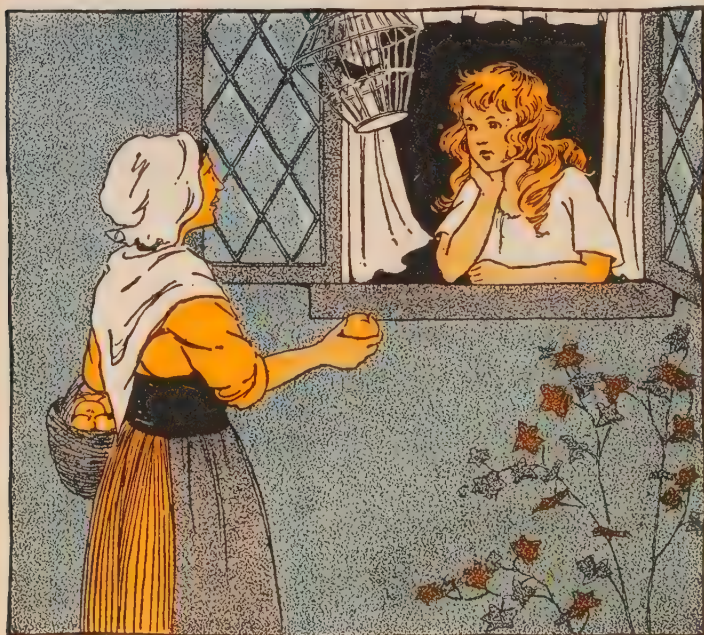
But again it answered,

“Lady Queen, so grand and tall,  
Here you’re fairest of them all;  
But o’er the hills with seven dwarfs old,  
Lives a fairer one, a hundred fold.”

When she heard the mirror say this,  
she shook with rage. “Snow-white shall  
die,” she cried, “if it costs my own  
life.”

Then she went to a secret and lonely  
chamber, where no one ever disturbed  
her, and fixed an apple with deadly poison.  
It was so beautiful that all who saw it  
wanted it; but it would bring death to  
anyone who tasted it.

When the apple was ready, she painted her face, disguised herself as a peasant woman, and journeyed over the seven hills to the home of the seven dwarfs. At the sound of the knock, Snow-white



put her head out of the window. "I cannot open the door to anybody," she said, "for the seven dwarfs have forbidden me to do so."

“Very well,” replied the peasant woman; “I only want to be rid of my apples. Here, I will give you one of them.”

“No,” said Snow-white, “I dare not take it.”

“Are you afraid of being poisoned?” asked the old woman. “Look here, I will cut the apple in two and you eat the rosy side, and I will eat the white.”

The fruit was so cunningly made that only the rosy side was poisoned. Snow-white longed for the pretty apple. When she saw the peasant woman eating it, she could resist no longer, but stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. She had scarcely tasted it when she fell lifeless to the ground.

The queen, laughing loudly, watched her with a wicked look. She cried, “Oh fairest one, white as snow, the seven dwarfs cannot awaken you this time.”

## The Coming of the Prince

And when she asked the mirror at home,

“Little mirror on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?”

The mirror replied,

“Lady Queen, so grand and tall,  
You are fairest of them all.”

So her envious heart had as much joy as such a heart can ever know.

When the dwarfs came home in the evening, they found Snow-white lying on the ground. They lifted her up, searched to find whether she had anything poisonous about her, unlaced her, combed her hair, washed her with water and with wine; but all was useless. They could not bring Snow-white back to life.

They laid her on a bier, and all the seven dwarfs stood around it and mourned

for three days. Then they would have buried her; but she still looked so fresh and lifelike, that they could not do it. They made a coffin of glass, so that she could be seen on all sides, and laid her in it. They wrote her name outside in letters of gold.

Then they placed the coffin on the mountain above, and one of them always stayed by and guarded it. But there was little need to guard it, for even the wild animals and the birds came and mourned for Snow-white.

One day the son of a king wandered into the forest. He came to the dwarf's house for a night's shelter. He saw the coffin on the mountain with the beautiful Snow-white in it, and read what was written there in letters of gold. Then he said to the dwarfs, "Let me have the coffin! I will give you whatever you like to ask for it."

But the dwarfs answered, "We would



not part with it for all the gold in the world."

He said again, "Give it to me, for I cannot live without seeing Snow-white. Though she is dead, I will prize and honor her."

### **The Fair Young Queen**

Then the good dwarfs took pity on him and gave him the coffin. The prince had it borne away by his servants. They happened to stumble over a bush, and the shock forced the bit of poisoned apple out of Snow-white's throat. Immediately she opened her eyes, raised the coffin lid, and sat up. "Oh," she cried, "where am I?"

The prince answered joyfully, "You are with a prince." Then he told her what had happened and said, "Come with me to my father's castle and be my wife."

And Snow-white went with him. Won-

derful wedding garments were prepared for her, and all the royal families were invited to the feast. Among these was the wicked queen.

When she found that a new and beautiful queen was to reign so near her own realm, she stood before the mirror and said,

“Truthful mirror on the wall,  
Who is fairest of us all?”

The mirror answered,

“Lady Queen, so grand and tall,  
Here you’re fairest of them all;  
But the young queen o’er the moun-  
tains old,  
Is fairer than you, a hundred fold.”

Then the queen decided not to attend the wedding, for she knew her jealous heart would betray her. But curiosity would not allow her to rest. At last she determined to go and see the young

queen, who was the most beautiful in the world.

When she came and found that it was Snow-white in all her beauty, she shook with terror and despair. The evil-hearted woman uttered a curse and could scarcely endure her anguish. She rushed from the palace into the gloomy forest and was never seen again.



### Write Yes or No

Number lines on a sheet of paper from 1 to 10. Write *Yes* or *No* for each statement below.

1. The mirror's answers always pleased the queen.
2. Snow-white was afraid of the tall trees.
3. The dwarfs were pleased when they saw that Snow-white was beautiful.
4. Snow-white was afraid of the lace peddler.
5. The prince was happy when he found Snow-white was alive.

6. The little peasant girl became the wife of a prince.

7. The queen was angry when the hunter came with Snow-white's handkerchief.

8. The queen was proud.

9. Snow-white was the most beautiful queen in the world.

10. The queen did not go to Snow-white's wedding.

### **Make a List**

Make a list of the various ways in which the queen tried to harm Snow-white. Also tell how Snow-white escaped each time.

### **Give Three Reasons**

Write three reasons why you think Snow-white was beloved by everyone but the queen.

## THE GRAY MOUSE AND THE ELF MEN

Read this story to find out how Gray Mouse escaped from the elf men.

### How The Mouse Was Caught

One day Jack brought home a bag of chestnuts from the woods. He took the bag into the cellar. A little gray mouse was watching him from a hole in the wall.

The mouse saw a tiny nut roll along the floor. He crept out and ran after the nut. The nut slipped down past a broken brick, and the gray mouse ran after it.

The nut rolled on and on, and the gray mouse ran after it. At last the nut struck a little door.

The door flew open, and there stood a queer little doorkeeper. He was dressed



in a yellow suit, yellow pointed slippers, and a yellow cap with a black feather in it.

The nut rolled into the little room, and the gray mouse ran after it; but before he could reach the nut, the doorkeeper had it.

“That is my nut,” said the little gray mouse.

“Ha! ha!” said the doorkeeper. “That is not your nut now. Everything here belongs to the prince, and so do you. I will take the nut to him, and I will take you to him, too.”

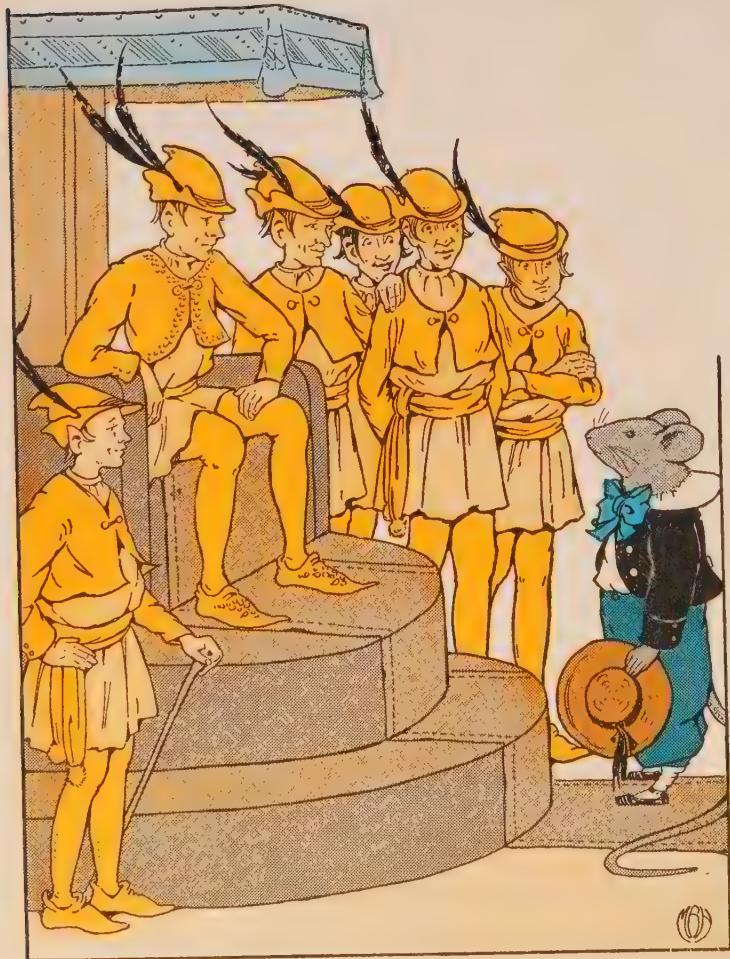
Then the gray mouse was taken into another room where the prince sat in his great chair. Around him stood five little men.

They were all dressed in yellow suits, yellow pointed slippers, and yellow caps with a black feather, just like the doorkeeper.

The prince had two feathers in his cap.

and his coat and slippers were bound with gold.

When the gray mouse saw these little



men, he shook with fear; for he knew he was in the home of the Black Feather Elf Men.

“What shall we do with the mouse?” asked the prince.

“Don’t hurt him,” said one little elf man, who was the cook. “Let him do the cooking for me.”

“And let him sweep the floors for me,” said another.

“And clean the silver and wash the dishes for me,” said the third.

And so they went on talking. Each elf man wanted the gray mouse to do his work.

At last the prince said that the gray mouse should do all the work in the house. He was not to mind the door. No one but an elf could do that.

### **How The Mouse Got Away**

Now that the mouse was doing all the work, the elf men grew lazy. Every day

when the prince napped, all but the doorkeeper napped, too. The doorkeeper never napped.

So the gray mouse made friends with him. One day, when the others were all asleep, gray mouse said to the doorkeeper, "Don't you want a nap, too? You could lock the door and put the key in your pocket."

The doorkeeper thought he would try it just once, and he was soon asleep; but out of his pocket peeped the end of the key.

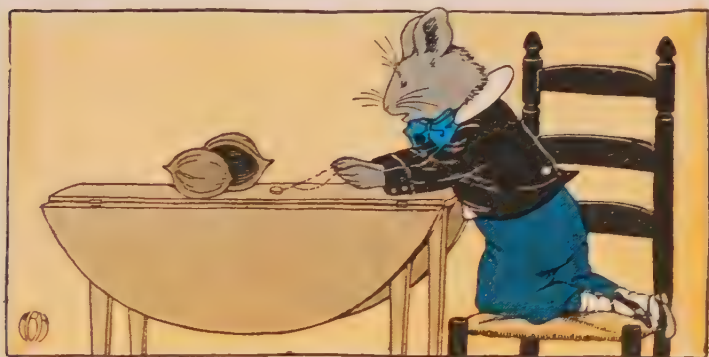
Then the gray mouse said to himself, "Now I must get away; but first I'll find my nut."

He looked under the rug, under the dishes, and in the clock. After all his looking, where do you think he found the nut? It was tied to the dinner bell!

He untied it quickly. Then he slipped the key out of the doorkeeper's pocket,

unlocked the door, and ran out before the little elf men missed him.

The little gray mouse ran on till he came to his own hole in the wall. Then he ran home and put the nut on the table.



He put it down so hard that it came open.

What do you think he saw? There in the shell was a tiny gold chain, just big enough for a little mouse's neck.

He gave the chain to his mother. It made her quite happy because she had always wanted a little gold chain for her neck.





### Answer with One Word

Answer each of the following questions with one or two words. Write your answers.

1. What kind of nuts did Jack bring home?
2. Who watched Jack put them away?
3. In what color was the doorkeeper dressed?
4. How many men stood around the prince?

5. How many feathers did the prince have in his cap?
6. Who was it that never napped?
7. To what was the nut tied?
8. What was in the nut?

### Write Yes or No

Number lines on a piece of paper from 1 to 8. Write Yes or No for each of the statements below.

1. The mouse saw a big nut roll along the floor.
2. The doorkeeper wore a yellow hat with a red feather in it.
3. The prince sat in a great chair.
4. The gray mouse was afraid.
5. The mouse was told that he should mind the door.
6. The elf men grew very lazy.
7. In the nut there was a silver chain.
8. The mouse gave the chain to his mother.

### Make a List

Make a list of the things Gray Mouse did in order to escape.

## THE WILD SWANS

Read this story to find out how Elsa's patience and goodness were rewarded.

### A King's Family

Far away in a land to which the swallows fly when it is winter, lived a king who had eleven sons and one daughter named Elsa.

The eleven brothers were princes. They went to school with stars on their breasts and swords by their sides. They wrote with diamond pencils on golden slates and learned their lessons so quickly and read so easily that everyone knew they were princes. Their sister Elsa sat on a little stool of plate glass and had a picture book which had cost half a kingdom.

These children were very happy until their mother died. Their father, who was king of the country, had the children

cared for by a woman with a beautiful face but a wicked heart. When the king was away, instead of giving the children cakes and apples, she gave them sand in a teacup and told them to pretend it was cake.

Very soon she persuaded the king to send little Elsa into the country to a peasant and his wife. Then she told the king so many untrue things about the young princes, that the king gave her permission to do as she pleased with them.

“Go out into the world and get your own living,” said the wicked woman. “Fly like great birds without voices.” But she could not make them as ugly as she wished, for they were turned into eleven beautiful swans. With a strange sound they flew through the windows of the palace and over the park to the forest.

It was early in the morning when they

passed the peasant's cottage where their sister Elsa was sleeping in her room.



They hovered over the roof, twisted their long necks and flapped their wings, but



no one heard them or saw them. Then they flew high up in the clouds. Over the wide world they soared till they came to a dark wood, which stretched far away to the seashore.

### **Elsa, The Beautiful**

Poor little Elsa was alone in her room playing with a green leaf, for she had no other plaything. She made a hole through the leaf and looked through it at the sun. It seemed to her as if she saw her brothers' bright eyes. When the warm sun touched her cheeks, she thought of all the kisses they had given her.

One day passed just like another. Sometimes the wind rustled through the leaves of the rosebush and whispered to the roses, "What can be more beautiful than you are?" But the roses shook their heads and said, "Elsa."

When the old woman sat at the cottage door on Sunday and read her hymn

book, the wind fluttered the leaves and said to the book, "What can be more beautiful than the roses?" Then the hymn book would answer, "Elsa." And the roses and the hymn book told the truth.

Elsa went home when she was fifteen. When the wicked woman saw the beauti-



ful child, she was very angry and her heart was filled with envy. She would have turned Elsa into a swan like her brothers, but she did not dare because the king wanted to see his daughter.

Early one morning the wicked woman went into the bathroom. It was built

of marble and had soft cushions trimmed with beautiful tapestry. She took three toads with her, kissed them, and said to one, "When Elsa comes to the bath, sit upon her head that she may become as stupid as you are."

Then she said to another, "Sit upon her forehead that she may become ugly like you. Rest upon her heart," she whispered to the third, "that she may become evil-hearted."

She put the toads into the clear water and it turned green immediately. Then she called Elsa, undressed her, and told her to go into the bath. As Elsa dipped her head under the water, one of the toads sat on her hair, the other on her forehead, and a third over her heart. When she stood up, three red poppies floated on the water. Elsa was too good for witchcraft to have any power over her, and her truth had changed the toads into beautiful flowers.

When the wicked witch saw this, she rubbed Elsa's face with walnut juice to make her skin brown. Then she tangled her beautiful hair till it was impossible to know the lovely child.

### **Find the Right Ending**

Number the lines on a piece of paper from 1 to 6. After reading each sentence below, write the word that correctly completes the sentence.

1. Elsa and her brothers lived in a: cottage, cabin, wigwam, palace.

2. The princes had slates made of: silver, brass, gold, marble.

3. Elsa was sent to the: school, country, woods, seashore.

4. The princes were changed into: geese, pigeons, ducks, swans.

5. Elsa had no playthings except a: leaf, frog, rose, book.

6. The toads were changed into: roses, poppies, leaves, walnuts.

### **Finding Opposites**

For each of the words in the left-hand group below, there is a word in the right-hand group, on the same line, that means just the opposite.

Find the four words that are opposites and write them on a piece of paper.

1. wicked . . . . . beautiful, good, naughty.
2. winter . . . . . autumn, sunshine, summer.
3. truth . . . . . falsehood, honesty, justice.
4. little . . . . . handsome, big, strong.

### **Answer with One Word**

Answer each of the following questions with one or two words. Write your answers.

1. How many brothers did Elsa have?
2. What did the wicked woman give the children to eat?
3. Who was more beautiful than the roses?
4. How old was Elsa when she went home?
5. How many toads did the queen put in the bathtub?
6. What did the toads become when Elsa touched them?

### **Elsa in the Forest**

When her father saw her, he declared she was not his daughter. No one but the watch dog and the swallows knew her, and they were only dumb animals. Poor Elsa cried and thought of her eleven brothers, who were all lost.

She crept sadly out of the palace and walked all day over fields and meadows, till she came to the great forest. She did not know in what direction to go, but she longed for her brothers and was determined to find them.

Soon night came and she lost her path. She lay down on the soft moss, said her evening prayer, and leaned her head against the stump of a tree. The lights of hundreds of glowworms shone in the grass and the moss, like green fire. When she touched a twig, the insects fell down around her, like shooting stars.

All night long she dreamed of her brothers. She thought they were children again, playing together. She saw them writing with their diamond pencils on golden slates, and she was looking at the beautiful picture book which had cost half a kingdom.

They were not writing lines and letters as they used to do, but tales of the



noble deeds they had done. Everything in her picture book was alive. The birds sang, and the people walked out of the book and spoke to Elsa and her brothers.

When she awoke, it was day and the sunbeams were shining through the leaves like a golden mist. There was a sweet fragrance from the fresh green grass, and the birds perched on her shoulders. She heard the water rippling from the springs, and all the little streams flowed into a beautiful lake.

Thick bushes grew around the lake, and there was one place where a deer had trampled the bushes. Through this opening Elsa went down to the water. The lake was so clear that every leaf was reflected in the water, whether it was in the shade or sunshine.

When Elsa saw her own brown face, she was frightened, it was so brown and ugly. When she wet her little hand, and rubbed her forehead, her skin became

white again. After she had washed herself in the fresh water and braided her long hair, a more beautiful king's daughter could not be found in the wide world.



Then she went to the bubbling spring and drank some water out of the hollow of her hand. She wandered farther into the forest and at last found a wild apple

tree loaded with fruit. Here she ate her noonday meal, placed props under the boughs, and then went into the gloomy forest.

It was so still that she heard her own footsteps and the rustling of the withered leaves under her feet. Not a bird was to be seen; not a sunbeam pierced the leafy branches. The night was very dark. Not a single glowworm glittered in the moss.

### **On the Seashore**

Sadly, she lay down to sleep, and it seemed to her as if the branches above her parted and the angels looked down on her from heaven. When she awoke in the morning, she wandered on. She had not gone far when she met an old woman with a basket of berries. The woman gave her a few to eat. Elsa asked her if she had seen eleven princes riding through the forest.

“No,” said the old woman, “but yester-

day I saw eleven swans, with golden crowns on their heads, swimming on the river close by." She led Elsa to a sloping bank, and at the foot of it wound a little river. The trees on its banks stretched their leafy branches across the water towards each other. Then Elsa said good-bye to the kind old woman and walked along by the river till she reached the great open sea.

There before her eyes lay the glorious ocean, with not a sail in sight. But on the foam-covered seaweeds, Elsa found eleven white swan feathers. She gathered them up and held them together in her hand.

It was lonely on the seashore, but Elsa did not mind it, for the sea was always changing. If a black cloud arose, the sea looked dark and angry. When the wind blew, the waves turned to white foam. When the wind slept and the clouds glowed with the red sunlight, the sea looked like a rose leaf.

## Answer Yes or No

Number lines on a sheet of paper from 1 to 6. Write *Yes* or *No* for each question below.

1. Did the king believe that Elsa was his daughter?
2. Did Elsa have to leave the palace?
3. Did Elsa's face remain brown and ugly?
4. Had the old woman seen eleven princes riding in the forest?
5. Did the swans wear golden crowns?
6. Did Elsa find eleven swan feathers?

## Select Five Words

From the following group of words, select five words that describe Elsa as she really was. Write these words on a piece of paper.

beautiful	good	loving ✓
selfish	kind ✓	evil-hearted ✓
old	naughty	young ✓
true	homely	tender-hearted

## Write About the Following

Write one sentence about each of the following:

1. Elsa's dream.
2. The ocean.
3. The swans.
4. The old woman.

## A Joyous Meeting

Just as the sun was setting, Elsa saw eleven white swans with golden crowns on their heads, flying towards the land, one behind the other, like a long, white ribbon. Elsa went down to the shore and hid behind the bushes. The swans came close to her and flapped their great white wings.

As soon as the sun had disappeared, they shed their feathers and became beautiful princes. They were Elsa's brothers. She cried with joy, for she knew them at once. She sprang into their arms and called them by name.

The princes were delighted to see their little sister who had grown so tall and beautiful. They laughed and they cried and they told each other how wickedly the cruel woman had treated them.

"We brothers," said the eldest, "are wild swans as long as the sun is in the sky. When it goes down, we are princes



again. So we must always be near a resting place before sunset.

“We do not live here, but in a land that lies across the sea. The way to it



is very long, and we pass the night on a rock which rises out of the water. There is only room for us to stand upon it close together. If the sea is rough, the foam dashes over us, but we thank God for this rock. We stay all night upon it, or we should never see our beloved fatherland, for the journey across the sea takes two of the longest days of the year.

“We have permission to visit our old home once a year and to stay eleven days. We hover over this forest to catch a glimpse of the palace where our father lives, and where we were born. We can stay only two days longer. Then we must fly away to the beautiful land where we now live. We must find a way to take you with us.”

“How can I break this spell?” thought their sister.

Elsa thought about it nearly the whole night. She was awakened by the rustling

of the swan's wings above her. Her brothers were again changed to birds, and they flew in circles wider and wider,



till they were far away. But the youngest swan stayed behind. He laid his head in his sister's lap, and she stroked his wings, as they talked together the whole day.

## A Trip by Air

Towards evening the others came back, and as the sun went down, they became her brothers again. "To-morrow," said one of them, "we shall fly away, and we cannot return for a whole year. But we cannot leave you here. Have you courage to go with us?"

"Oh, yes, take me with you," said Elsa.

They spent the whole night weaving a net with willow twigs and rushes. Elsa lay down upon it; and when the sun rose, the swans took up the net with their beaks and flew up to the clouds with their dear sister. The sunbeams fell on her face; so one of the swans flew over her head and shaded her with his broad wing.

Elsa thought she must be dreaming; it seemed so strange to be carried so high in the air over the sea. By her side lay a branch of beautiful ripe berries and a bundle of sweet roots. The youngest

brother had gathered them for her, and she smiled her thanks to him. She knew it was the same brother who had hovered over her to shade her with his wings.



The whole day they flew through the air like a winged arrow; but they flew more slowly than usual, for they had their sister to carry.



The clouds began to gather. Elsa watched the sinking sun with fear, for the little rock in the ocean was not in sight. The swans seemed to be making great strokes with their wings. When the sun set, would they change to men, fall into the sea, and be drowned? Dark clouds came nearer, the wind blew wildly, and the lightning flashed from the clouds.

When the sun had reached the edge of the sea, the swans darted down so swiftly that Elsa's head trembled. Soon she saw the rock just below them, but it seemed like a tiny speck. They sank quickly, and at last she found herself on the rock with her brothers standing around her with their arms linked together.

There was just enough room for them, and not the tiniest space to spare. The waves dashed against the rock and covered Elsa and her brothers with spray. The lightning flashed and peal after peal of



thunder rolled. But the sister and the brothers held fast each other's arms and watched for the rising sun.

### **Complete the Sentences**

Copy the following sentences and complete them by filling in the missing words.

1. When the sun had set, the swans became .....
2. The princes were ..... to see Elsa.
3. Elsa had grown ..... and .....
4. The princes visited their old home ..... a year.
5. The ..... swan stayed with his sister all day.
6. The swans flew through the air like an .....

### **Who?**

Answer each of the following questions in one sentence. Write your answers.

1. Who had cast the spell over the princes?
2. Who hovered over Elsa and shaded her?
3. Who wanted to break the spell that was over the princes?
4. Who had grown tall?
5. Who lived in a land across the sea?
6. Who gathered the berries and roots for Elsa?

### **Draw a Picture**

Draw a picture of Elsa.

## Elsa's Dream

In the early morning the sea became calm and still, and at sunrise the swans flew away from the rock with Elsa.

They flew all day long again; and just before the sun sank in the west, Elsa saw before her the blue mountains, the forests, the cities, and the palaces of her new home.

Long before it was dark, she sat on a rock in front of a big cave. The floor was covered with delicate green creeping plants that looked like an embroidered carpet. "Now we shall expect to hear what you dream of to-night," said the youngest brother, as he showed his sister where she was to sleep.

"Oh, may I dream how to save you!" she replied. And thinking of this, she fell asleep. She dreamed that a fairy came to meet her. She was radiant and beautiful, and yet she was like the old woman who had given her the berries in the

woods. "Your brothers can be released," she said, "if you have courage and perseverance. Do you see these stinging nettles? They grow around this cave.

"You must gather these even though they burn blisters on your hands. Break them to pieces with your hands and feet and make flax of them. With the flax you must spin and weave eleven coats with long sleeves. Throw these over the eleven swans and the spell will be broken.

"But from the moment you begin your task until it is finished, you must not speak. The first word that you utter will undo all your work. Remember all I have told you." As the fairy finished speaking, she touched Elsa's hand with a nettle, and the pain woke her.

### **The Coming of the King**

It was broad daylight. Close by Elsa's hand lay a nettle like the one she had seen in her dream. Then she went

out of the cave to begin her work for her brothers. She groped in and out among the ugly nettles. They blistered her



hands and arms, but she suffered gladly if she could only release her dear brothers. She crushed the nettles with her bare feet and twisted them into flax.

At sunset her brothers returned and were frightened at finding her dumb. But when they saw her hands, they understood what she was doing for them. The youngest brother cried over her. Wherever his tears fell, she felt no pain and the blisters vanished.

Elsa spent the whole night at work, for she could not rest till she had released her brothers. All the next day, while they were away, she sat alone and worked; but never had the time flown so fast. One coat was finished and she had begun a second, when she heard a hunter's horn. She was frightened and rushed into the cave.

The sound came nearer and nearer, and a great dog came bounding towards her, then another, and another. In a few minutes a hunter stood before the cave. He was the king of the country. He came toward her, for he had never seen a more beautiful maiden.



"How did you come here, my dear child?" he asked. Elsa shook her head. She dared not speak, for her brothers were not released. She hid her hands under her apron, so that the king could not see how she had suffered.



"I shall take you to my mother," he said. "If you are as good as you are beautiful, she will dress you in silk and velvet, and I shall place a golden crown on your head. You will make your home in my mother's castle." Then he lifted



her on his horse and galloped away over the mountains. When they reached the castle, the king led her into marble halls where fountains played, and where the walls and ceilings were covered with beautiful pictures.

But Elsa had no eyes for any of the wonderful sights; she only wept and sorrowed. Patiently she allowed the women to dress her in royal robes, to weave pearls in her hair, and draw soft gloves over her blistered fingers. As she stood before them in all her rich dress, she looked so beautiful that the court bowed low before her.

### Write Yes or No

Number lines on a piece of paper from 1 to 8. Write *Yes* or *No* for each of the following statements.

1. The swans flew away before the sun rose.
2. Elsa spent the night in a tiny cave.
3. Elsa dreamed about a fairy.
4. Elsa could not speak until her brothers were released from the spell.

5. The eldest brother cried over Elsa.
6. The king took Elsa to his sister.
7. The king led Elsa to a palace.
8. Elsa was dressed in rich robes.

### **Write the Answers**

1. Why didn't Elsa dare to speak?
2. What happened when she began the second coat?
3. Why did the king take Elsa home with him?
4. Why was Elsa so sad in the castle?

### **Make a List**

Make a list of all the things that have happened to Elsa so far in the story.

### **In the Castle**

Then the king declared he would make her his bride, but the archbishop shook his head and whispered that the fair young maiden was a witch who had blinded the king's eyes and bewitched his heart. The king refused to listen to him. He ordered the music to play, and the daintiest dishes to be served, and the loveliest maidens to wait upon Elsa.

Then she was led through wonderful gardens to the rooms that had been prepared for her, but nothing brought a smile to her lips and eyes. Last of all, her maidens opened the door into the room where she was to sleep. It had been made to look like the cave where the king had found her. On the floor lay the bundle of flax, and on the wall hung the coat which she had finished.

When Elsa saw these things so precious to her, a smile played about her lips, and the blood rushed back to her cheeks. She thought of her brothers, and this made her happy again.

Very soon the church bells announced the king's marriage feast. The beautiful dumb girl was to be made queen of the country. The archbishop himself placed the crown on her head.

Elsa loved the kind, handsome king who did everything he could to make her happy. She longed to tell him about

her brothers and how she was suffering to release them, but dumb she must stay till her task was finished. At night she crept away into her room and wove one coat after another.

When she began the seventh, she found that all her flax was gone. The nettles she wanted grew near the cave, and she knew that she must pick them herself. How could she get there? With a trembling heart, she crept into the garden and through the streets to the cave.

### **A Difficult Task**

Only one person saw her, but that was the archbishop. He was now sure that the queen was a witch and had bewitched all the people. He told the king what he had seen. Tears rolled down the king's cheeks, and he went home with doubt in his heart.

At night he pretended to sleep, and he saw Elsa get up and disappear into her

own room. Day by day his face grew darker. Elsa saw it and did not understand the reason, but it made her tremble for her brothers. Her hot tears fell on the royal velvet and diamonds.

At last all the coats but one were finished, and all the flax was gone. She had not a single nettle. Once more, she went to the cave to pick a few handfuls, and the king and the archbishop followed her. They saw her going from plant to plant with bleeding hands till even the king admitted that something must be wrong. "The people must condemn her," said the king, "I cannot."

Poor Elsa was quickly sentenced to be burned. Instead of the velvet dresses, they gave her the coats that she had woven to cover her, and the bundle of nettles for a pillow. But they could have given her nothing more precious. She worked at her task with joy and prayed for help. Towards evening she heard the

rustle of swans' wings close to her window. It was her youngest brother, and she sobbed with joy, for the work was almost finished.

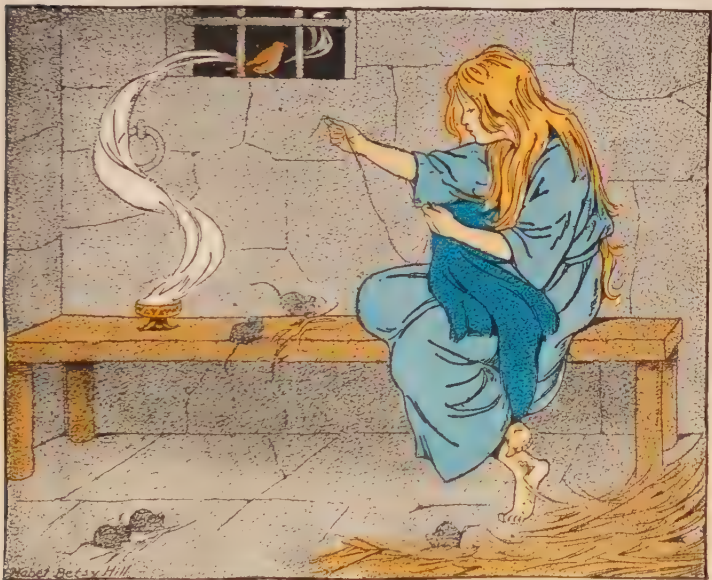
The archbishop came to be with her during her last hours, as he had promised the king. But she shook her head, and by her looks begged him to leave her. She had only this one night to finish her task, or all her tears and sleepless nights would be wasted. The archbishop left with bitter words against her, but Elsa knew that she was innocent and took up her work with joy.

The little mice ran about the floor. They dragged the nettles to her feet, to help as well as they could. A thrush sat outside the grating of the window and sang the whole night long to keep up her courage.

It was still twilight, and an hour before sunrise, when the eleven brothers stood at the castle gate and begged to



be taken to the king. They were told they could not enter; for the king was asleep, and no one dared waken him. They threatened and pleaded till the guard



appeared, and the king himself came to see what the noise meant. Just then the sun rose, and the eleven brothers were seen no more; but eleven wild swans flew away over the castle.

## A Joyful Ending

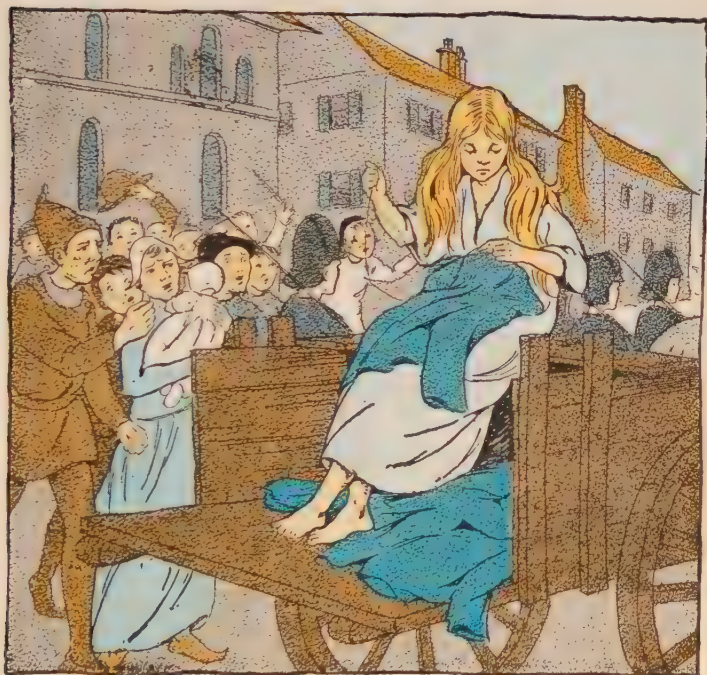
Then all the people came from the gates of the city to see the witch burned. An old horse drew the cart on which she sat. They had dressed her in coarse sackcloth. Her lovely hair hung loose over her shoulders, her cheeks were pale, her lips moved silently, but her fingers still worked at the green flax.

Even on the way to death, she would not give up her task. The ten coats lay at her feet, and she was working hard at the eleventh. The mob jeered her and said, "See the witch, how she mutters! Let us tear the coats into a thousand pieces."

They pressed towards her and would have destroyed the coats, but just then eleven wild swans flew down and perched on the cart. Then they flapped their wings, and the crowd drew back in terror.

"It is a sign from heaven that she is innocent," whispered many of them, but they did not dare to say it aloud.

As the archbishop seized her by the hand to lift her out of the cart, she threw the eleven coats over the swans,



and immediately they became handsome princes. But the youngest had a swan's wing, instead of an arm; for she had not finished the last sleeve of the coat.



“Now I may speak,” she exclaimed,  
“I am innocent.”

“Yes, she is innocent,” said the eldest brother, and then he told all that had happened. While he spoke, the air was filled with fragrance from millions of roses. The pile of twigs on which Elsa was to have died had become a great hedge covered with roses. The king picked one of them and placed it in Elsa’s hand.

All the church bells rang of themselves, and the birds came in great crowds. The brothers walked before the king and queen, throwing roses in their path, and the people followed, shouting for joy. No king or queen had ever before seen a bridal procession so grand and so beautiful.

### **Give the Reasons**

Give three reasons why the people thought Elsa was a witch.

### **New Words**

Make a list of six words in this story that are new to you. After each word write what it means.



## WHERE THE FAIRIES LIVE

Where the fireflies flash and glow,  
Where the apple blossoms blow,  
In the land of Here and There,  
In the land of Everywhere.

Live the fairies. ✓

Where the rainbow spans the blue, ✓  
With the sunbeams shining through,  
In the land of Here and There,  
In the land of Everywhere.

Live the fairies.

Where the sparkling dewdrops shine,  
On the morning-glory vine,  
In the land of Here and There,  
In the land of Everywhere.

Live the fairies.

In the mountains, by the sea,  
Where the honey tempts the bee,  
In the land of Here and There,  
In the land of Everywhere.

Live the fairies.



## THE RAINDROP ✓

Read this story silently to find out what useful things the raindrops do for us.

Once upon a time there lived up in Cloudland some little water drops. Their home was one of the most beautiful white clouds that rolled over the blue sky.

By and by their cloud house seemed to get larger and larger, and darker and darker. One tiny little water drop whispered to the other in a frightened way, "What's the matter? Our house seems so dark, and it's getting large, and just look at all the new vapor coming into it! Why you're getting bigger, too, and oh dear, so am I. What can it all mean?"

Then the other little water drop laughed so hard it rolled over and over and almost fell out of the cloud window, but it answered, "Why, dear, we're gathering

our forces together, and we're going to pour through the air and cut the biggest dash you ever heard of when we get down to the earth. Oh, it's the greatest fun!

"We fly through the air like fairies, and we can look down and see the people preparing for us. Some of them that are indoors run and shut the windows. Then we fly at the window panes and make music on them. Sometimes we dash right into the house before they can shut it up tight. You know there are millions and millions of us, so we divide the work. One little drop couldn't do anything that you could see.

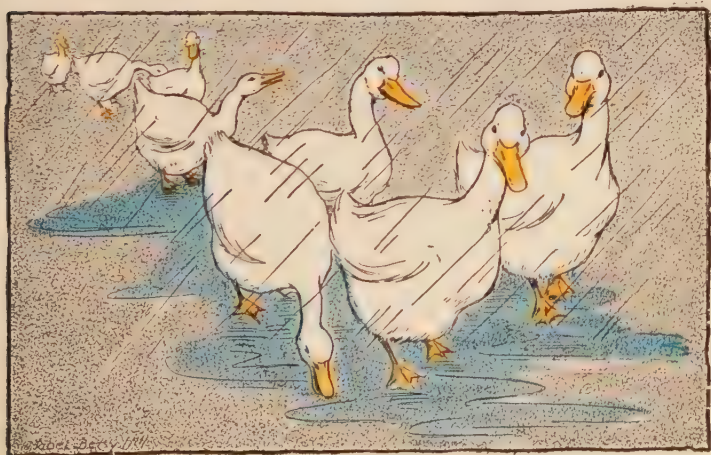
"We always find a great many people out of doors. It is such fun to catch them. Some have forgotten their umbrellas, too, and that's the greatest fun of all.

"Often the wind goes with us. But I would rather he wouldn't, for he makes us appear so rough. The only creatures that really seem to enjoy being out when

we're coming are ducks. You know water rolls right off a duck's back."

"But tell me as fast as you can how we divide the work," said the first timid little water drop. "It must be almost time to start, for this cloud is packed so full I'm sure not another one can get in."

"Oh!" said the other, "we go wherever we're sent. Some of us fall right into the ocean and help push along great steamers. Some of us fall into rivers and streams, do work there for a while, and move on to the ocean later. Some



of us sink into the poor, parched earth and give it new life. Some of us change into vapor again and come up to Cloudland, while some of us refresh the flowers. That is the sweetest work of all."

Just then the signal was given that two clouds were meeting. A rush, a flash, a crash, and the water drops were flying through the air; some to do great deeds, some to water the little spring violets.

### **Make a List**

Make a list of all the useful things which the raindrops do for us.

### **Write Yes or No**

Number lines on a piece of paper from 1 to 8. Write *Yes* or *No* for each statement below.

1. The raindrops lived in the blue clouds.
2. The cloud house got smaller and smaller.
3. There are millions of raindrops.
4. The wind never goes with the raindrops.
5. The ducks enjoy the raindrops.
6. All the raindrops go in the ocean.
7. None of the raindrops fall on the ground.
8. The raindrops like to water the flowers.

## Why?

Answer each of the following questions in one sentence. Write your answers.

1. Why were some of the raindrops afraid?
2. Why do the ducks enjoy the raindrops?
3. Why did the cloud house get larger and larger?
4. Why don't the raindrops like for the wind to go with them?

## A SEASON

The goldenrod is yellow,  
The corn is turning brown;  
The trees in apple orchards,  
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes  
Are curling in the sun;  
In dusty pods the milkweed  
Its hidden silk has spun.



## THE LITTLE BROWN BOWL

Read this story silently and find out how a sad little bowl became happy.

### One Bowl Among Many

Once there was a little brown bowl that stayed always in a great closet among other bowls. There were big bowls and little bowls, bowls with beautiful gold bands, and bowls over whose sides climbed rosebuds so beautifully painted that they looked as if they were growing.

There was a bowl that wore violets all around its brim, like a little girl wearing violets on her hat. And there was one broad, shallow bowl tinted with such colors as are in the sky when the sun is going down, and on this bowl was a pretty little shepherdess. She wore a



broad hat and a blue dress, and her blue eyes always smiled.

So they were all beautiful bowls except the little brown bowl. It could never be anything but a plain, thick, little brown bowl without even a daisy to wear. She was so shy among the others that she did not often speak.

But one day the maid who took care of the china set a pretty little pitcher so close to her that it touched. Then the little brown bowl gathered courage to ask why the shepherdess always smiled and why all the other bowls were taken out of the closet at times and then brought back again, but she was always left.

The little pitcher told the little brown bowl that the shepherdess smiled because she was happy; for every morning she was carried to the sunny breakfast room where Clarita ate her bread and milk from the shepherdess bowl.

## A Sad Little Bowl

Then the little brown bowl grew bolder, and said, so loudly that everybody heard, "And why don't they come and get me sometimes, as they get the shepherdess bowl, and the violet bowl, and all the rest?"

The little pitcher answered kindly, "They have not needed you yet. Perhaps, some day, you may be needed. Then the maid will come and get you."

"And shall I see Clarita, then?" cried the little brown bowl in great happiness. But before the little pitcher could answer, such a laugh arose from the mouths of all the other bowls that they rattled on the closet shelves, and the maid cried, "How the wind blows!"

"Ah," cried the rosebud bowl, "you will always stay on the closet shelf! You are too ugly ever to be needed. Do you see the rosebuds on my sides? Clarita loves them. Once I sat for an hour

on a little table and held bonbons for her."

"And I," cried the gold-banded bowl, "have been near her at dinner and held water where she dipped her rosy fingers." And the gold-banded bowl laughed scornfully. "She loves beautiful things; she would never look at you."

"No, indeed," said the violet bowl. "I wonder that you were ever put here. Once, long ago, I was carried up to Clarita's own room and held violets for her."

"Yes, and you were upset," said the tall vase, "which shows that you were never meant to hold flowers."

### Patient Waiting

Then the little brown bowl sat very still. She knew, at last, why she had been kept in the closet, never taken out, and never needed. If only she, too, could have been beautiful! And she wished she might go away and never come back, since

she could never be loved and never be of any use.

She must have wished it aloud, for the shepherdess bowl, to whom all the others listened, spoke to her gently, "Do not grieve, little brown bowl. Clarita loves beautiful things, but she loves useful things, too. If she ever sees you, she will love you. Only be patient and wait."

So the days came and went. Each morning the shepherdess bowl went away and came back looking brighter than before. One by one the violet bowl and the rosebud bowl and the gold-banded bowl were taken out, and brought back. I am sorry to say they were haughty and vain and said many unkind things to the little brown bowl.

One morning the maid came in and hastily set the little pitcher down. And the little pitcher, who always heard what was going on, was quite breathless with eagerness.

It was Clarita's birthday, she said, and Clarita was six years old, and six beautiful hyacinths were lying by her place at the table; and Clarita, as soon as she saw them, would be looking for something to put them in.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the shepherdess bowl. "Perhaps if I were not so shallow she might take me. Think of the joy of holding Clarita's birthday flowers!"

"Are the hyacinths purple?" asked the violet bowl. "Indeed, with my lovely shape and color, I stand a good chance of being chosen."

"You, indeed!" cried the tall vase. "Not one of you is fit to hold flowers. One would as soon expect Clarita to choose that ugly, silent little brown bowl in the corner."

### **The Joy of Being Useful**

But no one answered, for just then the door swung open, and the little brown bowl saw a little girl with sunny hair,

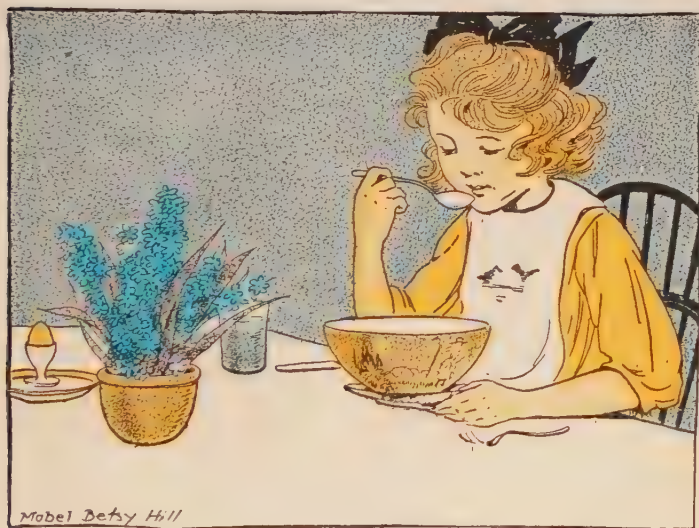
lovelier than she had dreamed. The little girl's lips wore a smile happier than that of the shepherdess, and her eyes were deep, like pools of quiet water.



She held her flowers lovingly and looked eagerly among the bowls, seeking something. She touched the rosebud bowl, and then the little brown bowl fairly trembled with joy, for Clarita was looking



straight at her and saying, "Oh, here is the dearest little brown bowl, mamma. It is just right for my flowers, so deep, so strong, and too heavy to upset. Why did I never find you before, little brown bowl? You shall hold flowers for me all summer!"



Long days afterward the little brown bowl, filled as she always was now with flowers, stood on Clarita's breakfast table, close to the shepherdess bowl.

"Dear shepherdess bowl," she whispered,

“I love you, because you were kind to me when I thought no one wanted me.”

And the shepherdess bowl whispered back softly, “Did I not tell you that it was better to be able to hold beautiful things than to be beautiful outside?”

And the shepherdess smiled more brightly than ever.

### **Complete the Sentences**

Copy the following sentences and complete them by filling in the missing words.

1. The little ..... bowl was very unhappy.
2. Clarita ate her ..... and ..... from the shepherdess bowl.
3. The ..... bowl was kind to the brown bowl.
4. Clarita was ..... years old on her birthday.
5. The violet bowl was ..... and .....
6. The little ..... always heard what was going on.

### **Give the Reasons**

Write all the reasons you can think of why the little brown bowl became happy.

### **Draw a Picture**

Draw a picture of the little brown bowl and color it.

## THE OAK TREE AND THE LINDEN

Read the story to find out (1) what great rewards the old couple received; and (2) why they deserved these rewards.

### The Two Strangers

There was once a good old couple who lived in a little cottage upon a hilltop. Baucis and Philemon were their names. Although they were very poor, they tended their bees, pruned their grapevine, milked their one cow, and were happy from morning till night. They loved each other dearly and were ready to share whatever they had with anyone in need.

At the foot of the hill lay a beautiful village, with pleasant roads and rich pasture lands all about it. But it was full of wicked, selfish people, who had no love in their hearts and who thought only of themselves.

One evening as Baucis and Philemon sat in their cottage door, they saw two strangers coming slowly up the hill. There was a great noise of shouting and



the barking of dogs from the village. The people were following the strangers and jeering at them because they were footsore, ragged, and weary.

“Let us go to meet them,” cried old

Baucis, "and ask them to share our supper and stay with us for the night."

So Baucis and Philemon brought the strangers, who were quite faint for food, to their cottage. There they spread before them all that they had, which was a half loaf of brown bread, a tiny bit of honey from their own hives, and a pitcher of milk. The pitcher was only partly full, and when Philemon had filled two bowls for the strangers, there was only a drop left.

### **The Reward**

The strangers ate as if they had never tasted anything so good, although the supper was very small.

"More of this delicious milk!" cried one of the strangers. As Baucis took the pitcher to drain the last drop into the bowl, a wonderful fountain of milk burst forth from the bottom of the pitcher, so that the more she poured, the more there remained.

And it was so with the loaf, which stayed always the same size, although the two strangers cut slice after slice, praising Baucis for its sweetness and lightness. The honey grew the color of gold and sweeter each minute. The single, tiny bunch of grapes grew to a bunch of such size that the strangers were not able to eat it, and the grapes filled all the cottage with their wonderful fragrance.

“These are strange travelers!” whispered the old couple to each other. “They are able to do such marvelous things.”

That night Baucis and Philemon slept upon the floor, that the strangers might have their bed, and in the morning they went to the edge of the hill to see the strangers safely started on their homeward way.

“The villagers are thoughtless and rude,” said Baucis. “I hope they will not torment you again, good sirs.”

But the strangers smiled, and pointed to the foot of the hill. There was no



village there. Where it had stood a blue lake rippled, covering the houses and trees with its clear waters. Baucis and Philemon rubbed their eyes in wonder.

“People with no love in their hearts shall not live upon the earth,” said the stranger. “As for you, my good people, we thank you; and whatever you wish for most, that shall be given you.”

As they spoke, the strangers vanished from sight, like mist in the morning sky. Baucis and Philemon turned to see that their tiny cottage had disappeared. In its place stood a tall, white, marble palace, with a beautiful park around it.

### **The Two Shade Trees**

So the old couple went in, and they lived in their palace a great many years taking good care of their wonderful pitcher. No one ever passed their door without having a drink from the bubbling fountain of milk. Baucis and Philemon were so

happy doing good for others that they never thought of wishing for anything themselves.



But after years and years had passed, they grew very old.

“I wish we might never die, but could always stay together!” said Baucis, one day, to Philemon.

The next morning, where the tall marble palace had stood, there was nothing but a few stones with the moss growing over them. Philemon and Baucis were gone, but there on the hilltop stood two beautiful trees, an oak tree and a linden, with their branches all twined and twisted together.

“I am old Baucis!” whispered the oak.

“I am Philemon!” sighed the linden. And there they stand to-day, quite close to each other, and always ready to spread their leafy shade over every tired stranger who chances to climb the hill.

### **Find the Right Ending**

Each of the following sentences has four endings. One of these endings is right. Find the right ending for each sentence and write it.

1. Baucis and Philemon lived:

- |                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| a. in a city,    | c. in a cottage, |
| b. in the woods, | d. by a lake.    |

2. One evening Baucis and Philemon:

- a. went for a visit,
- b. saw strangers coming,
- c. heard a loud noise,
- d. climbed the mountain.

3. As the strangers ate supper:

- a. the dogs barked,
- b. the loaf was eaten up,
- c. the grapes became sour,
- d. the milk increased.

4. Baucis and Philemon:

- a. were changed to trees,
- b. lived on in the cottage,
- c. lost the wonderful pitcher,
- d. never grew old.

### Write the Answers

- 1. What rewards did this couple receive?
- 2. Why did they deserve these rewards?
- 3. What happened to the loaf of bread?

### Make a List

Make a list of all the words and groups of words in the story that describe Baucis and Philemon.

## THE STORY OF PERSEPHONE

Read this old myth to find out how the different seasons of the year were explained in olden times.

### Persephone's Mistake

There was once a wonderful fairy called Ceres, who took care of all the harvests upon the earth. Not a kernel of corn nor a grain of wheat could ripen unless she touched it with her fingers. Not an orchard could blossom and bear fruit; not a flower could bloom in the fields. Not a single, tiny blade of grass could sprout until Ceres rode by in her chariot and bade them grow.

She wore a wreath of poppies upon her head, and she carried a torch in her hand to light the autumn fires. She was very busy from morning until night taking care of the crops.

Now Ceres had one little daughter, Persephone. Ceres was obliged to leave Persephone alone a great deal, and she always told her that she must not stray far from home. In those days, when fairies were in the world, there were also other strange creatures.

There were the dryads who lived in the oak trees and the naiads who lifted their dripping bodies from the streams. There were the fauns with feet like goats and little horns upon their heads, who gamboled about the woods. Then there were the ugly old satyrs with horses' tails and monkey faces. So it was not safe for a little fairy child to be far from home.

Usually Persephone remembered, but one day she forgot. She had been sitting for a long time upon the doorsill, making daisy chains, but she had picked all the daisies in the garden. She thought she would just go a little way outside for more. On through the field she went, until she



saw, gleaming away off at the end of a meadow, a great bush covered with bright red flowers.



### A Lonely Girl

“I must pick just one!” cried Persephone, running over to the bush and tugging with all her might at one of the blossoms. It was very hard to pick, and all at once, as Persephone tugged and pulled, there came a great crack in the earth at the

roots of the strange bush. Wider and wider it grew, and there came a sound of horse's hoofs and the rumbling of wheels up through the ground.

Persephone gave one last tug, but just as the flower came off in her hand, the hole in the earth grew larger and deeper and deeper. The sound of the wheels became louder, and up through the ground came a team of coal-black horses drawing a chariot of gold.

There was a man in the chariot, wearing rich garments and a crown of diamonds upon his head. Before Persephone could run away, he had seized her and drawn her into the chariot. He drove away with her, down through the bottomless hole in the earth and away from the fields and daylight.

"Mother Ceres! Mother Ceres!" cried Persephone, and she struggled to pull herself away, but she could not succeed.

"Mother Ceres, come!" she called, but

Ceres was a long way off and could not hear her.

"I am King Pluto," said the man in the chariot. "The gold, the silver, the diamonds, and all the precious things of the earth are mine. You shall have them all, Persephone, if you will only live with me in my palace. I am lonely, and I have wished for a little girl like you."

But Persephone only cried the louder as she said, "Oh no, no! I want my mother, and the flowers, and the sunshine!"

It grew very dark where they rode. They passed a still, black river and King Pluto said, "Let us drink, Persephone. The waters will make you so happy that you will forget your mother and the flowers." But Persephone would not drink.

At last they reached King Pluto's palace, which was really very beautiful, lighted with diamond lamps, and which had long halls lined with every sort of precious gem. King Pluto ordered a great feast

to be spread of sweets and preserves, and a golden goblet of the wonderful magic water; but Persephone would not eat or drink. From morning until night she wandered about the great palace, a lonely little girl who wanted her mother.

### **The Mother's Sorrow**

Mother Ceres had imagined that something was wrong. She hastened to finish her tasks, came home to find the house empty, and Persephone gone! No one knew where the child was. Poor Ceres! She lighted her torch and started out to look up and down the world for Persephone.

Ceres never stopped to rest. Her garments were wet with the night dews, and her wreath of poppies withered and faded. At every cottage she stopped to ask of the peasants, and at every forest she inquired of the fairy folk if they had seen Persephone. One had heard a child crying,

another had heard the sound of chariot wheels, but no one had seen Persephone. On and on traveled Ceres, and the earth



was in a most terrible way, for she neglected all the crops.

The farmers ploughed and planted, but no grain came up. The flower beds were empty. The cows and sheep starved,



because there was no grass for them to eat. And Ceres cried, "Nothing shall grow upon the earth until my little girl comes home again!"

At last King Pluto heard of the terrible blight upon the earth. He was not such a wicked old king, after all, so he called Persephone to him and said, "Should you like to go to your mother, child? You may go if you wish, but you must eat with me first. Here is a fresh pomegranate. Eat, Persephone!"

### **Persephone's Return**

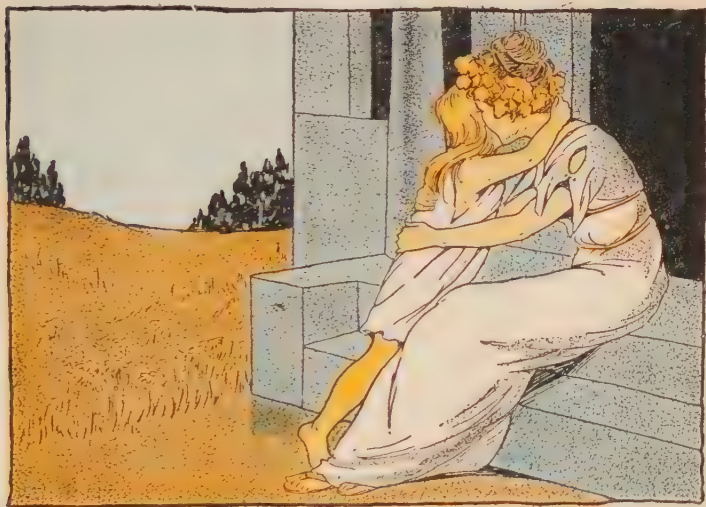
Although Persephone had been with King Pluto for six long months, she had not eaten a mouthful of anything. But she was so happy at the thought of seeing her mother that she took the pomegranate from King Pluto and ate a part of it.

Then she rode with King Pluto to the earth again and started over the fields to Ceres. And as she went, all along the



path where she stepped, the brown fields blossomed into violets. The waving grain arose, and the orchards bent low with fruit.

Poor Ceres was sitting on her doorstep



holding her torch when, all at once it flickered, and then went out altogether.

“What is this?” she cried. “My torch must not go out until I find Persephone!”

But just then Persephone ran straight into her mother’s arms.

“My child, did you eat with King Pluto?” asked Ceres, after she had held Persephone close for a long time.

“Only six pomegranate seeds, mother,” said Persephone.

“Ah, Persephone,” cried Ceres, “then, for each seed, you must spend one month of every year at King Pluto’s palace, and I may have you only for the other six.”

So, for the half year that Persephone lived with her mother, Ceres drove over the earth and bade the crops grow and flourish. For the other half, Persephone went to King Pluto’s palace to make him happy. Then Ceres mourned at home for her little girl; while the flowers died, and the fields lay brown and sere.

That is how the first winter came upon the earth. Persephone went away, and Ceres bade the earth sleep and mourn. But that is, too, how the first springtime came. Persephone came home, and the violets blossomed wherever she stepped.

### Write the Answers

1. What was Ceres' work on the earth?
2. Why did Persephone go out in the field?
3. Where was King Pluto's palace?
4. Why did Pluto want Persephone to eat the pomegranate?
5. During what season of the year did Persephone stay with her mother?
6. What happened on earth while Persephone was away from her mother?

### Make Three Lists

Write the names of the three characters in this story, and under each name write two things that each person does.

### New Words

Make a list of four words in the story that are new to you. After each word write what it means.

## RHOECUS

Read this story to find out why Rhoecus did not get to keep the reward.

### The Dryad of the Oak

One day a young man was walking through the forest. His name was Rhoecus. As he walked along, he saw an old tree just ready to fall. It was a fine old oak with broad branches and large limbs. Rhoecus felt sorry that such a fine tree should fall to the ground, so he carefully placed a large stick against it.

As he turned to go, he heard a voice speak his name. "Rhoecus! Rhoecus!" He looked around, but could see no one. Again he heard it, "Rhoecus!" This time it was a little louder, almost like a breeze.

He turned again and looked about him. His eyes fell on the tree which he had just supported, and there beside it

stood a beautiful maiden. As he looked at her, she said, "Rhoecus, I am the dryad of this tree. I can live only as



long as the tree lives. You have made my life longer by supporting the tree. Ask what you will and I will give it to you."

Rhoecus was very happy, and he thought

he cared only to have this beautiful dryad for his friend. She might make him kind and gentle. So he said, "Only be my friend and give me gentle eyes like yours."

"I will give it, Rhoecus. Meet me here an hour before sunset."

As soon as Rhoecus promised, she disappeared, and Rhoecus could see only the old oak and could hear only the rustling of the breeze among the branches.

Then he turned and went on his way through the forest. As he walked along, the sky looked bluer; and he was so happy he felt that he could almost fly.

### **The Dryad's Farewell**

When he reached the town just beyond the forest, he found some of his friends playing games. He joined in the games and did not notice how quickly the hours were flying. He became so interested that he even forgot about his promise.

After a while a bee came buzzing about



2. Where was the dryad?
3. Where was Rhoecus to meet the dryad?
4. Where was Rhoecus when he remembered the dryad?
5. Where did the bee go when Rhoecus bruised its wing?
6. Where was the dryad when Rhoecus went back to the tree?

### Select the Right Words

From the following list of words, select five words that describe the dryad.

beautiful ✓	lame	young
gentle	thoughtless	homely
vain	kind ✓	pretty
selfish	graceful	generous

### Write Yes or No

Number lines on a piece of paper from 1 to 8. Write *Yes* or *No* for each statement below.

1. Rhoecus was an old man.
2. The dryad lived in a tree.
3. The dryad could live only as long as the tree lived.
4. Rhoecus did not intend to meet the dryad.
5. The bee came back two times.
6. Rhoecus was rough with the bee.
7. Rhoecus saw the dryad once more.
8. Rhoecus could not keep the dryad's friendship because he was not gentle.

## THE RICH GOOSE

Read the story silently to find out what mistakes the goose made.

### The Crow's Trick

Once there was a rich goose going along with a bag of corn, more than he could eat in his lifetime. As he walked along, proud and happy, he met a crow.

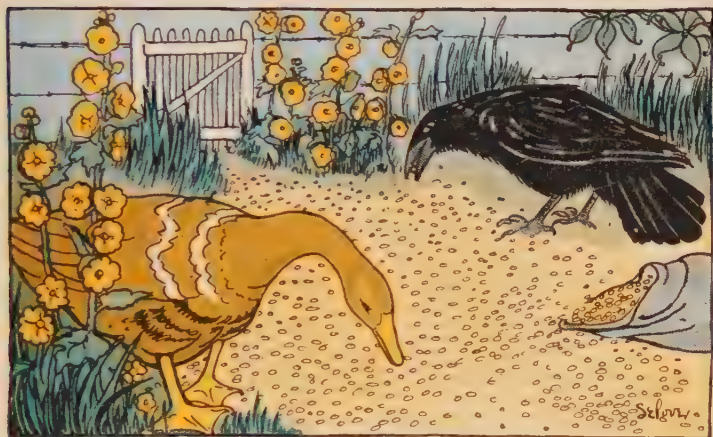
The crow said, "Hello, Mr. Goose! I see that you have a fine lot of corn there, but it is too heavy for you to carry. Let me help you. I'll take some of your heavy load."

"Oh, no," said the goose. "I have a big load to carry, to be sure, but still I'm not going to give you any of my bag of corn."

"Very well," said the crow. "I was just trying to help you. How would you like to have more corn? I know a way

to make your bag of corn grow bigger and bigger every minute."

"Tell me, quick," said the goose, setting down his bag of corn in the road.



"First, you must spread all your corn out on the ground, so we can count it," said the crow.

The goose spread all his corn out, and the crow said, "Now, you count on that side, while I count on this."

So the goose began counting: "One, two, three, four, five, six—" And the crow began counting: "One, two, three,

four, five, six,—” and as fast as he counted, he gobbled it up!

At last the goose looked up and said, “Where is my corn, Mr. Crow?”

Mr. Crow flew off laughing a loud “Caw, caw, caw, caw,” as he went. Mr. Goose picked up his bag of corn, but it was not so heavy now.

### **The Pigeon’s Trick**

Mr. Goose went on, and soon he met a pigeon; and the pigeon said, “Mr. Goose, you have a big lot of corn there. Let me help you carry it.”

“No,” said Mr. Goose, “I don’t want any help to carry my corn.”

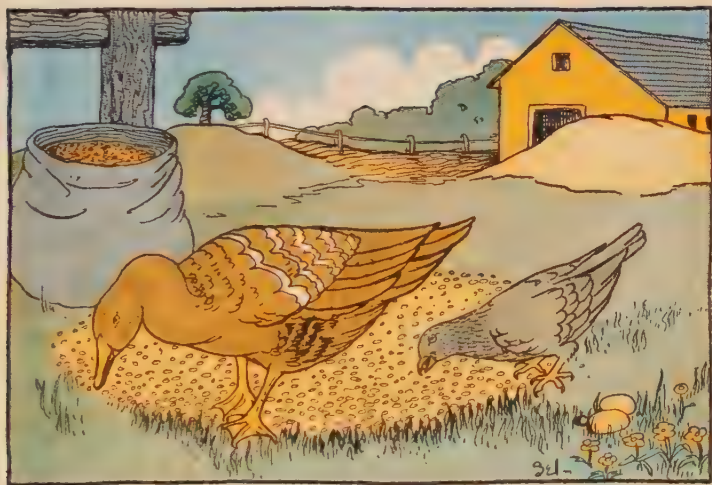
“Well,” said Mr. Pigeon, “I know a little game you can play, and you can make your corn grow into more. I will show you how to play this game.”

“Well,” said Mr. Goose, “I want to have a little fun as I go along.”

“Spread your corn in a circle,” said

the pigeon. "Begin on the outside to count, and I'll go behind you and count after you."

"Why not let me go behind?" asked the rich goose.



"Because that's not the game," said Mr. Pigeon.

So Mr. Goose spread some of his corn in a circle and began counting: "One, two, three, four, five, six—" And the pigeon followed along behind, counting: "One, two, three, four, five, six—"

and eating the corn as fast as he counted.

When Mr. Goose got around to the starting point, there wasn't any corn left to count.

"Where's my corn?" said Mr. Goose.

"That's the game, to find out where it went," said the pigeon flying off. And Mr. Goose tied up his bag again, and he thought how light it was.

### **The Crane's Trick**

The goose went on and on until he met a crane. And the crane said, "Hello Mr. Goose! What a fine lot of corn! Let me help you carry it."

"No, thank you," said the goose. "I don't need your help."

"If you'll swim around that big rock in the pond," said Mr. Crane, "you will see pearls and diamonds and gold fishes."

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Goose.

So Mr. Goose swam out into the pond



to see the sights; but he saw no sights, and when he came back, his bag of corn was very light indeed.

“Where’s my corn?” said Mr. Goose; but Mr. Crane just gave a loud screech and flew off to Canada.

### **The Brown Leghorn’s Trick**

Mr. Goose picked up his bag of corn and went on and on until he met Mrs. Brown Leghorn with her ten little chicks trying to keep up with her.

And she said, “Don’t you find your bag of corn very heavy, Mr. Goose?”

“Oh, yes,” said Mr. Goose, “no one knows what a great load we rich folks have to carry.”

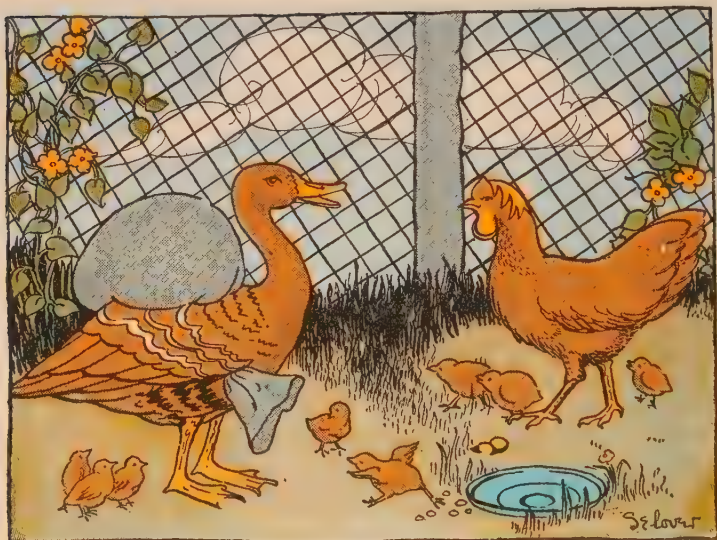
“Well, Mr. Goose,” said Mrs. Brown Leghorn, “I shall be glad to help you.”

“No, no,” said Mr. Goose; “I’m used to my big load.”

“Very well,” said Mrs. Brown Leghorn; “I’ll tell you what. Throw some corn

out here on the ground and see what happens."

"Your little chicks would eat it," said Mr. Goose.



"You must remember," said Mrs. Leghorn, "that they are not common chickens; they're Brown Leghorns."

"Well," said Mr. Goose, "I will throw a little of my corn on the ground, and if those chickens don't eat it, I will give you all the corn you wish for yourself."

So the goose threw down the corn, and the ten little chicks started for it; but Mrs. Brown Leghorn gave her hawk cry, and they all ran to the bushes to hide while Mrs. Brown Leghorn ate up the corn.

"Where's my corn? Shame on you," cried Mr. Goose.

### **The Horse's Trick**

The rich goose gathered up the corn that was left, and went on until he met a bobtail horse.

"Let me carry that load for you, Mr. Goose; it is too heavy for you," said Mr. Bobtail.

"No, no!" said Mr. Goose, and he was just hurrying on, but the horse said, "You ought to open that corn and let the air freshen it. I know the weevils are eating it up."

"The weevils! Are they?" asked Mr. Goose.

So the horse took the goose to a nice big box and poured out the corn. The goose said, "I can't find any weevils."

"Let me look," said the horse, and all the time he was looking, he kept eating the corn.

So the goose drove Mr. Bobtail away, and he put the little bit of corn that was left in the great big bag and went on till he met a farmer's little boy.

### **The Boy's Good Trick**

And the boy said, "Mr. Goose, what is that little bit of stuff you have in that great big bag?"

"It is all the corn I own in the world," said the goose, "and I'm afraid to eat it up, for then I shall have nothing."

"Put it in the ground," said the boy, "and it will make more corn."

"Wouldn't that be throwing it away?" said the goose sadly.

"No," said the boy, "we farmers are

always planting things in the ground, and they spring up and grow.”

So the boy took a horse and plowed the land, and harrowed it, and laid it out in



rows. When Mr. Goose saw the last of his yellow corn all covered up in the ground, he thought he should never be happy again.

But the boy said, “Cheer up, Mr. Goose! Here comes your corn.”

And the corn grew and grew, until, at last, harvest time came. And for every grain of corn the boy put into the ground, there were hundreds of grains in the ears.

So Mr. Goose gave half his corn to the farmer's boy, and the corn he had left made him many times richer than he had ever been.

### **Answer Yes or No**

Number lines on a piece of paper from 1 to 8. Write *Yes* or *No* for each question below.

1. Did the goose have all the corn he needed?
2. Did the goose believe that the crow could make the bag of corn grow bigger?
3. Do you blame the crow for eating the corn?
4. Was there any fun in playing the pigeon's game?
5. Did the goose put all of his corn in the circle?
6. Did the crane promise more corn for the goose?
7. Did Mrs. Leghorn promise more corn to the goose?
8. Did the boy offer to carry the corn?

### **Make a List**

Make a list of the mistakes that the goose made.





## THE FAIRIES' SECRET

Jane asked the fairies how to become beautiful. Read to find out what they told her to do.

### The Do Right Fairies

Saturday had come at last. Jane was sitting on a low limb of an apple tree. It was a sunny June afternoon. Flowers were blooming, birds were singing, and butterflies were flitting everywhere.

"I wish I could see a fairy," Jane thought. "I would ask her to tell me

how to be beautiful.” And thinking, thinking, thinking, Jane was soon fast asleep. She dreamed that the fairy queen flew with her to fairyland. The grass was



like green velvet. The birds sang their sweetest songs.

In the green fairy meadow was a ring of tiny fairies dressed in yellow. As they

sang and skipped, Jane heard them say, "We are the Do Right Fairies."

"Will you let Jane play with you?" asked the queen.

"Is she a Do Right girl?" asked the fairies.

"I'll try to be," Jane said, and into the ring she went.

The fairies taught her to play their games and took her to see the buttercup field. There were buttercups everywhere.

When the fairies jumped into the flower bed, no one could tell which were buttercups and which were fairies.

### **The Speak Right Fairies**

Then the fairy queen flew with Jane to another meadow. In the greenest spot was a ring of fairies dressed in red.

As they sang and skipped, Jane heard them say, "We are the Speak Right Fairies. No one who speaks unkind words can play here."

“I’ll try to be a Speak Right girl,” said Jane, and into the ring they took her.

They taught her to play their games, and took her to see the red poppy field.

There were red poppies everywhere, and



when the fairies jumped into the flower bed, no one could tell which were fairies and which were poppies.

### **The Think Right Fairies**

Then in a wink, Jane found herself in a beautiful crystal cave.

From the top to the bottom of the cave, silver lights flashed and twinkled. At Jane's feet was a crystal pool.

Around the pool was a ring of fairies dressed in silver sheen. "We're the Think Right Fairies," they sang. "Will you be a Think Right girl and play with us?"

"Oh, yes," cried Jane, "I'll try to be!" And into the ring they took her.

They taught her to play their games. Then they flew up, up among twinkling lights. And no one could tell which were the lights and which were the fairies.

Then Jane awakened. She saw the twinkling lights of the fireflies all around

the apple tree. Each twinkle seemed to tell the fairies' secret, "Do right, speak right, think right, and you will be beautiful."





### **Answer with One Word**

Answer each of the following questions with one or two words. Write the answers.

1. What day was it?
2. What month was it?
3. What was the little girl's name?
4. What did the little girl want to be?
5. Whom did the little girl want to see?
6. How many kinds of fairies were there?

### **Make Three Lists**

On a piece of paper make three lists in columns, side by side. In the first column write the three kinds of fairies. In the second column write the color of the fairies' dresses. In the third column write the name of the flowers in each meadow.

### **Write the Secret**

Find the lines in the story that give the fairies' secret and copy them.

## KING BELL

As you read this poem, decide who King Bell,  
Ding, and Dong are.

Long ago there lived a King  
A mighty man and bold,  
Who had two sons, named Dong and Ding,  
Of whom this tale is told.

Prince Ding was clear of voice, and tall,  
A Prince in every line;  
Prince Dong, his voice was very small,  
And he but four feet nine.

Now both these sons were very dear  
To Bell, the mighty King.  
They always hastened to appear  
When he for them would ring.

Ding never failed the first to be,  
But Dong, he followed well,  
And at the second summons he  
Responded to King Bell.

This promptness of each royal Prince  
Is all of them we know,  
Except that all their kindred since  
Have done exactly so.

And if you chance to know a King  
Like this one of the dong,  
Just listen once—and there is Ding;  
Again—and there is Dong.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

### **Words that Rhyme**

Make a list of all the words in the poem that rhyme. In which lines in each stanza do they occur?

### **Draw a Picture**

Draw a picture of King Bell.

## THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THEIR DONKEY

A miller and his son were driving their donkey to a neighboring fair to sell him. They had not gone far when they met a group of women near a well, talking and laughing.

“Look there,” cried one of them, “did you ever see such fellows, to be trudging along the road on foot when they might ride?”

The miller, hearing this, quickly made his son mount the donkey and continued to walk along merrily by his side. Presently they came up to a group of old men in earnest debate.

“There,” said one of the old men, “it proves what I was saying. What respect is shown to old age in these days? Do you see that idle lad riding while his old father has to walk? Get down, you young scapegrace, and let the old man rest his weary limbs.”

Upon this, the miller made his son dismount, and got upon the donkey himself. In this manner they had not proceeded far when they met a company of women and children.

“Why, you lazy old fellow,” cried several tongues at once, “how can you ride upon the beast while that poor little lad there can hardly keep pace by the side of you?”

The good-natured miller immediately took up his son behind him. They had now almost reached the town.

“Pray, honest friend,” said a citizen, “is that donkey your own?”

“Yes,” replied the old man.

“Oh, one would not have thought so,” said the other, “by the way you load him. Why, you two fellows are better able to carry the poor beast than he you.”

“Anything to please you,” said the miller; “we can but try.”

So, alighting, they tied the legs of the

donkey together, and by the help of a pole endeavored to carry him on their shoulders over a bridge near the entrance of the town. This entertaining sight brought the people in crowds to laugh. The donkey, not liking the noise nor the strange handling, broke the cords that bound him and, tumbling off the pole, fell into the river. Upon this, the old man, vexed and ashamed, made the best of his way home again, convinced that by trying to please everybody he had pleased nobody and lost his donkey as well.

### **What?**

Write a sentence telling what this story teaches.



## Word List—For Teachers' Reference

This list includes only the more difficult words.

THE MAGIC FLOWER	tiger	cotton	shriller
lofty	Brahman	nursing	squeak
fertile	pious		throat
swarmed	swore	MAKING THE BEST OF IT	
dwarfs	grateful	dreary	THE BROWNIES
gnomes	frightfully	scarcely	ghosts
weeded	decision	Pekin	hobgoblins
herb	seized	fretfully	active
strapped	buffalo	huddled	tailor
poking	shelter	together	idle
ached	trample	speckled	perhaps
numb	prepared	chorus	afterwards
cleft	steal	folk	whispered
sparkled	ungrateful	discontented	scampered
diamond	understand	howled	breakfast
stooped	jackal	rooster	fretful
trudged	pleaded	weather	stitched
approached	confusing	nobody	thread
bowing	consented	immediately	dirt
memory	angrily	ashamed	
castle	growled	created	TRADING
dazzled	savagely	bantam	TIMOTHY
precious	wretched	perch	TITUS
emeralds	nonsense	strutted	mouser
rubies	pretending	surrounded	Toots
pearls	usual	mention	Jingle
shoulder	patience	starving	Caroline
emptied		politely	Timothy
tasted	THE ROBIN'S NEST	trifle	Titus
reminded	excited	preened	cuddling
	twine	happier	cunning
THE TIGER, THE BRAH- MAN, AND THE JACKAL	fourth	continued	peddled
frothed	swiftly	lonesome	furry
strange	fastened	lively	measured
	claw	squeal	rumbled
	apron	quacked	mourn

doleful  
bitterish  
traveled  
ferry  
dragged  
screamed  
snatched

THE STORY  
OF LI'L'  
HANNIBAL  
toting  
knot  
hoecake  
hearth  
trousers  
suspenders  
stockings  
stooping  
possum  
loping  
special  
partridge  
guinea  
kernel  
company  
deafen  
ladle  
ready  
scrambled  
mutton  
biscuits  
muffins  
waffles  
syrup  
deaf  
lantern  
poured  
hominy  
potatoes  
cabbage

THE MOUSE,  
THE BIRD, AND  
THE BEE  
suggested  
enemies  
smother  
bough

THE WISHING  
GATE  
thumb  
sign  
stile  
against  
forked  
habits  
disturb  
chipmunk  
scurrying  
sprite  
slanting  
spied  
impatient  
pleasure  
whisking  
weight  
headlong  
fright  
exclaimed  
breathe  
disappointed  
showers  
starvation  
bushel

THE BROWN  
THRUSH  
juniper  
sorrow

THE LARK  
AND THE  
FARMER  
whet  
scythe

HIAWATHA  
prairie  
Mudjekeewis  
Nokomis  
Gitchee  
Gumee  
reindeer  
linden  
sinews  
wah-wah-  
taysee  
ere  
lilies  
hooting  
perish  
disturbed  
language  
native  
legends  
Ishkoodah  
heavens  
shadows  
warrior  
creatures  
Iagoo  
quiver  
roebuck  
antlers  
alder  
banquet  
village  
Soan-ge-taha  
wampum  
summit  
strength  
adventures  
courage  
youth  
equal  
cleanse  
Minnehaha  
ancient

Gitche  
Manito  
twilight  
Mondamin  
rejoicing  
celebration  
canoe  
island  
diseases  
echo  
anxiously  
perish  
beckoned  
departure  
vision  
launched

WYNKEN,  
BLYNKEN,  
AND NOD  
herring  
crystal  
twinkling  
trundle-bed

THE TRUTH-  
FUL MIRROR  
envious  
mirror  
startled  
reflected  
peasants  
hatred  
reward  
opportunity  
deceive  
briar  
handkerchief  
wreathed  
knives  
comfortable  
fortunately  
wicked

honest  
companions  
awakened  
knit  
protect  
iron  
disguise  
knocked  
bodice  
destroy  
witchcraft  
poisoned  
comb  
suspected  
envious  
bier  
coffin  
curiosity  
determined  
despair  
anguish

THE GRAY  
MOUSE AND  
THE ELF MEN  
cellar  
struck  
napped  
chain

THE WILD  
SWANS  
eleven  
sword  
cottage  
hovered  
hymn  
cushions  
tapestry  
stupid  
forehead  
juice  
impossible

dumb  
direction  
fragrance  
braided  
withered  
pretend  
permission  
poppies  
trampled  
pierced  
angels  
glorious  
disappeared  
rough  
bubbling  
hover  
courage  
glimpse  
whole  
bundle  
winged  
embroidered  
radiant  
release  
perseverance  
nettles  
drowned  
groped  
vanished  
galloped  
patiently  
archbishop  
bewitched  
announced  
difficult  
royal  
condemn  
sentenced  
rustle  
innocent  
threatened  
sackcloth

terror  
jeered

WHERE THE  
FAIRIES LIVE  
spans  
tempts

THE  
RAINDROP  
vapor  
parched  
signal

A SEASON  
orchard  
gentian  
fringes

THE LITTLE  
BROWN BOWL  
broad  
shallow  
shepherdess  
daisy  
china  
pitcher  
Clarita  
grieve  
shelves  
haughty  
bonbons  
scornfully  
vase  
hyacinths

THE OAK  
TREE AND  
THE LINDEN  
Baucis  
Philemon  
pruned  
delicious

slice  
spread  
marvelous  
rude  
rippled  
twined  
twisted

THE STORY  
OF  
PERSEPHONE

Ceres  
ripen  
blade  
sprout  
wreath  
Persephone  
stray  
dryads  
naiads  
fauns  
gambled  
satyrs  
Pluto  
preserves  
goblet  
hastened  
inquired  
neglected  
ploughed  
blight  
pomegranate  
flickered  
flourish  
sere

RHOECUS  
Rhoecus  
supported  
bruised  
messenger  
forgiven

THE RICH  
GOOSE  
hello  
pigeon  
spread  
swam  
indeed  
screech  
Leghorn  
Canada  
common

hawk  
ought  
weevils  
harrowed

THE FAIRIES'  
SECRET  
butterflies  
taught  
sheen

KING BELL  
summons  
responded  
kindred

THE MILLER,  
HIS SON,  
AND THEIR  
DONKEY  
presently  
debate

scapegrace  
dismount  
alighting  
endeavored  
entertaining  
convinced  
vexed

△





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